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FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

NOMINATED TO THE NEW OFFICE CREATED BY THE RESIGNATION OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is curious that the first exploration of Gaping Ghyll, the largest of the Yorkshire "pots," should have been effected by a Frenchman. These "pots" have for generations appealed to the imagination and even to the apprehensions of the natives. Familiarity, as regards neighbourhood at least, did not breed contempt. Being unexplored, they were thought to be bottomless, and were found very useful for explaining mysterious disappearances. The streams that fall into their unseen depths were sometimes long enough in coming out again to suggest the idea that they never did so. The subterranean river in the bowels of Ingleborough is the most remarkable of them. It is not so long ago that the caves in that mountain were discovered. They are probably the most striking of their kind in England: they are of immense size, well furnished with stalactite and stalagmite of fanciful and often beautiful shapes, and carpeted with fine sand. At the end of them is a stream descending with great rapidity, under a stretch of rock too close to it to admit of a boat to pass, even if for other reasons such an experiment were not impossible. Even in this age of reckless daring no human being has yet been found to sacrifice himself in the attempt to explore its course. Like Alph, the sacred river, it runs "through caverns measureless to man," though not "to a sunless sea"; it makes its way out, miles away, babbling inarticulately of its dark secret. To divert its course would probably be impossible, but this M. Martel, of Paris—how strange it seems that one with such an address should have done it!—accomplished with Gaping Ghyll. He made his descent with rope ladders, and well provided with candles and magnesium wire. He had also a telephone with him, 600 ft. in length, through which he communicated with his wife above ground at the various stages of his interesting journey. He had to go 330 ft. before he reached the bottom, where he found a vast chamber, 100 ft. high and 450 ft. long, and, as one would imagine, rather damp. It was a very plucky thing to do, and one rather wonders that it was left to a Frenchman to do it. It is curious that the instinct that leads us to make ascents never takes a downward direction, though, as in this case, quite as difficult and much more romantic. Why should there not be a Yorkshire Pot Society as well as an Alpine Club?

In a recent charming description of the inmates of the Zoo, we learn to our surprise how the great carnivora (an animal which in my youth much excited my curiosity, because I could never find it) are influenced by the smell of lavender. Revolutions, we are told, are not effected by rose-water, but they are so in the case of lions and tigers by lavender-water. They become as lambs and guinea-pigs under its dainty influence. Music, on the other hand, which is generally supposed to have charms to soothe the savage breast, does not much move theirs. The taste of the animals of all kinds for sweet sounds is described as very partial. A few are deeply interested, others are more moderately excited, but the majority care no more about it than if they were deaf as well as dumb. The experience of persons, not naturalists, and who have had no such opportunities of observation as the historian of the Zoo, seems to be that the smaller the creature, the more it is affected by music. One writer tells us that, having doubts of the popular belief upon the subject, he watched the inhabitants of a farm-yard while a man was playing upon a trumpet, and found the horse lifted up its head from time to time as though seeming to recognise a noise somewhere; the occupations of the cow were uninterrupted by it; the ass was absolutely indifferent; the dog sat on its hind legs and stared apathetically at the performance; but the little birds on the trees and bushes almost tore their throats out in passionate rivalry.

Pelisson in the Bastille found even the bagpipes had attraction for a spider. After several months he drilled the little creature to that perfection that at the first note it left its hole and came for its fly, which the captive always provided for its delectation. Another prisoner, who had obtained leave to play the flute, found a large and appreciative audience of mice, while "crowds of spiders descending from their woven habitations formed a circle about him." One is sorry to have to add that, the music-loving mice growing to be too numerous, this unsentimental flute-player let loose a cat among them at the very moment when they were most entranced with the performance—an action that robs us of much sympathy with the prisoner in question. As to the effect of music upon human beings, the "*Ranz des Vaches*," we are told, had such a powerful influence over the Swiss that it was forbidden, under pain of death, to be played to those in the French service, lest they should all scuttle home. This was, however, more attributable to sentiment and association than to melody, since the air itself has nothing striking in it.

Some people have a strong dislike to be parted from their property for however short a time. I know a lady who when she goes to an hotel, even for a fortnight, takes with her five thousand pounds' worth of securities and keeps them in a handbag. She thinks them insecure in the custody of her bankers and, of course, her lawyers. For my own

part, I have not her cares, but I confess I prefer not to be separated from my luggage. No arrangement of tickets is so satisfactory to me as the old system in vogue on the Great Western Railway, when your portmanteaus were put on the roof of your carriage, and there was no hurrying to the van, when you reached your destination, to identify them—a claim sometimes disputed. One often hears of prudent persons who put their fortunes—presumably in paper—in their stockings instead of their deposit account, which nowadays, indeed, they might just as well do, since money no longer breeds. This caution was probably never carried to greater lengths than by a lady who was brought to a London Police Court the other day "for her own safety." She was said, indeed, to be intoxicated, but only perhaps with a sense, shared by Pepys and Robinson Crusoe, of having everything handsome about her and in her own custody. In her possession was found, by way of pocket-money, £2150 in gold and notes, with two cases full of valuable jewellery and five trunks of clothing. She travelled like rich men in Eastern tales, with many "changes of raiment," but, unlike them, in a four-wheeled cab. She had been driving aimlessly about for three hours, and the cabman declined to drive her any longer, but out of that cab, with all her worldly goods in or upon it, she refused to move. In that she had her current and deposit accounts, as it were, and felt the most perfect sense of security. It was clear, however, that she would have been much safer in a van, with which the police kindly provided her.

There was a time when whitebait were supposed to be caught only at Greenwich or Blackwall. Only a few of us remember the Blackwall whitebait and the hotel in which they used to be eaten, but they must have had their attraction to bring pleasure-seekers to that very unpicturesque locality. The once famous Trafalgar is now no more, and there is only one great hotel at Greenwich to keep their memory alive. The general notion is that what ruined the Trafalgar was the tramway, which dislocated the wheels of the four-in-hands and private carriages that used to flock to it; but, as a matter of fact, even fashionable folks went down to Greenwich by water in preference to going by one of the ugliest coach roads in Great Britain. What really destroyed the popularity of Greenwich dinners was that the fish were found elsewhere, and, what was of quite as much consequence, cooks who knew how to fry them. Even in great houses, a quarter of a century ago, this art was not generally understood. I well remember partaking of some flat, soft little fish at a dinner party which I honestly believed to be a rarity. Sitting next to one of the young ladies of the house, I congratulated her upon the novelty of the dish. "They are sweet and rather pleasant," I said; "but what are they?" "Have you never tasted whitebait before?" she replied, with quite a superior air. I hastened to conceal my unfortunate inquiry under the veil of ignorance thus provided for me. Now one gets whitebait anywhere, though, even yet, not so often well cooked. It is found in the most unexpected places. Years ago there was a young lady from London staying at Lynmouth, whose father was an epicure. Our north Devon fare was too simple for him, and he was actually on the point of carrying off his charming daughter to town on that account. She pleaded and I pleaded, but the old wretch (I owe him no loyalty, for he never became my father-in-law) said that most important business in the City had cropped up which required his immediate attention. On the very day fixed for their departure, however, the young lady whispered to me that it had been postponed indefinitely. Whitebait had been found in the fish-trap, which at that time not only caught the denizens of the deep, both large and small, at Lynmouth, but preserved them alive. We thought that strange enough, not to say providential; but I see it now stated that "a shower of whitebait has fallen during a thunderstorm in Bosnia. The fields and roads are crowded with them." After that we may find whitebait anywhere; but I doubt if the Bosnian cooks have the wire baskets for the cooking of them.

I think it is Captain Ross who in "*Sportiscrapiana*" tells us, in illustration of the reticence of the gilt youth of England, how two brothers, travelling by coach from York to London, do not break silence till they get to Peterborough, though they really have something (as most people would think) to call for observation. There had been a ball at York, and the two young gentlemen had not been able to obtain separate apartments, but had slept in the same room with three beds in it. "Do you know, Jack, what was in that third bed last night?" asks one of the other after that long interval of silence. "Yes, I know," returned the other indifferently, "it was a corpse." After which silence set in again. This record of silence has now been beaten. Six companions—for they could hardly have been bosom friends—were upset in a boat on the Thames by the wash of a steamer on Bank Holiday. Two of them were drowned. The other four got to land, went to their respective homes, and never said one word about the matter. They had no excuse to offer to the coroner when the inquest took place upon the bodies except that, like the gilt youth of half a century ago, they didn't "hold much with conversation." The poet tells us that "friendships made in wine" are of an ephemeral character,

and it seems that the same thing may be said of friendships in water-parties.

With sensational novelists, especially of the gentler sex, it was once customary to endow their heroines with some particular aroma by which she might be identified. This was not limited to her stationery, nor even her pocket-handkerchief, but afforded the means of pursuing her to considerable distances. This was not always to her advantage, since capital crimes were sometimes brought home to her through this singular attribute by the bloodhounds of the law. A lady writer, skilled in cosmetics, informs us that there are now, thanks to the influence of a high civilisation, some gifted women who "evoke for themselves a perfume which is absolutely personal and exclusively their own." She does not seem to be aware that Alexander the Great possessed the same advantage, and was sniffed at by his courtiers—not, of course, in contempt, but with an appearance of great enjoyment. "It permeates their familiar belongings, lingers upon their writing paper, breathes from their cupboards, and even from the linings of their gowns . . . Something very delicate may cling about the dressing-gown, something fresh and aromatic to the riding habit, something sharp and keen to the walking or visiting garment, while the dreamy, the tender, or the poetic, may be found in the tea-gown." It only requires a good nose (if one may be allowed so familiar a phrase on so delicate a subject) to discover all this. What opportunities will be hereby afforded to the novelist for tracking his heroine by the aid of this organ! Here she has written; he will be able in her absence to assert with confidence; and here she has read, here she has walked, and here she has ridden, and here she has presided in that exquisite garment of hers at afternoon tea. Our informant does not state how long these delicious aromas last. Perhaps, like the scent of the fox (when uninterfered with by "the stinking violets"), they require a southerly wind for their continuance; but a certain latitude is always allowed to the writer of fiction.

In Baron von Tauchnitz the English author has lost an old and valued friend. In days when there was no copyright for English books upon the Continent, he paid, and paid handsomely, for them. His correspondence with them is probably unique as indicative of the trust and friendliness that should—and, much more than is generally believed, still does—exist between author and publisher. Those who have read their letters in the work published on the jubilee of that great undertaking, the Tauchnitz series, will bear witness to the genial and even affectionate regard shown to him by the great writers of the past two generations, and there is no lack of the same feeling in those of to-day. There is a great deal of misapprehension, however, still existing in the public mind concerning the Tauchnitz editions. Some people, for example, seem to think, because a few booksellers smuggle the volumes from time to time, that the Tauchnitz firm connive at their introduction into England, instead of which they do their best to exclude them, in accordance with the law. So far from the series being in opposition to English rights, it forms a very acceptable addition to an author's circulation, and the handsome sum he receives from Leipsic is "found money." The death of the elder Baron will make no difference in the commercial relations of the firm with England, as his son has long been associated with him in the business, and is held in equal estimation.

A theological student has got into trouble for pretending to be a clergyman "in order to raise himself in the estimation of a young lady." This was so far complimentary to the cloth; but the Law (jealous, perhaps, of the attractions of the Church) takes a severe view of these masquerades. "If he read the absolution," said the judge, "that is sufficient," meaning that it was more than enough to do for him. The offender had been very thorough in his ecclesiastical duties, and had read everything. "Very lucky for you, young gentleman," added his Lordship, "that you didn't marry anybody." There is a wholesome fear among amateur clergymen of proceeding to this extremity, not wholly caused, perhaps, by the thought of the inconvenience inflicted on a happy couple, who might find themselves not quite so much married as (at all events, at one time) they had wished to be. Years ago I came across a young curate of this spurious kind in the West of England: he was eloquent and handsome, and drew very much larger congregations than his rector; he had slippers enough given to him to have sufficed for a centipede, and pocket-handkerchiefs worked with his monogram to last through half-a-dozen influenzas. This was the more creditable to his attractions, since he gave himself out (though, as a matter of fact, he was a married man) a would-be celibate. Since the young ladies could not wed him themselves, they got engaged, it was said, for the pleasure of getting him to perform the marriage ceremony. But this he persistently refused to do. His monastic views were such that he could not even countenance matrimony in other people. When the revelation came, and it turned out that he was a clerk, but not in holy orders, this abstinence of his stood him in good stead with the law, but no gratitude was expressed by the couples whom he had disappointed for their own good; indeed, it was mischievously whispered that some of them would have preferred to find their contract dissoluble.

PARLIAMENT.

Perhaps the most notable features of the new session, so far as it has gone, are Lord Salisbury's warning to Turkey, Mr. Gully's determination to put down irrelevance and disorder, and the *rapprochement* between the Government and the Irish members. Lord Salisbury astonished some members of his party not a little by his attack on the Porte. His language was quite as minatory as that of Mr. Gladstone at Chester, and must have caused much pain to Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. The Prime Minister hinted very plainly to the Sultan that unless the demands of the Powers in regard to Armenia were complied with it would be impossible to preserve even a shred of independence to the Turkish Empire. Mr. Gully has been equally emphatic in his management of procedure in the House of Commons. Dr. Tanner, who gave the lie to Mr. Harrington, was promptly named, and suspended for a week. Mr. Healy, who knows the forms of the House as very few members know them, was peremptorily called to order by the Chair three times in a single speech. An attempt to prolong the debate on the Address, after the suspension of the twelve o'clock rule, by a motion for adjournment, was suppressed by Mr. Gully, greatly to the surprise of some Parliamentary authorities. But by the vast majority of members the Speaker's firmness in dealing with motions which are designed solely to waste time is much

Both sides appeal to public opinion, but it is too soon to say whether public opinion expects the millennium from the new Government all at once, or whether it is content to wait a reasonable time. Mr. Balfour secured the adoption of the Address by the closure, a perfectly legitimate expedient which excited Mr. Balfour's indignation when he was not in office. The election of the convict Daly as member for Limerick was set aside after the Attorney-General had explained the precedents, which do not permit a malefactor sentenced to imprisonment for life to represent a constituency in Parliament. This perfectly simple issue was solemnly disputed by Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites alike; but Limerick will have to choose a representative who is not a dynamiter in jail, or else make up her mind to practical disfranchisement.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

The Right Hon. Garnet Joseph Wolseley, first Viscount Wolseley, will, according to official announcements in both Houses of Parliament, succeed the Duke of Cambridge on Nov. 1 in the premier position of the British Army. Under the scheme of reconstruction formulated by the Hartington

Lonsdale, who have in common the tastes of the hunter. The Emperor left at Lowther Castle substantial tokens of his satisfaction during his visit. Among other memorials of this historic incident, there are to be several stained-glass windows in the local church. A statue of the imperial visitor will also witness in stone to the honour conferred on the House of Lowther. Driving from Lowther Castle, on the last day of his stay, to Pooley Bridge, he there embarked for a trip across Ullswater. Again and again he expressed his delight with the scenery. Thereafter the party proceeded towards Kirkstoun Pass. Bowness was gaily decorated in honour of the Emperor's visit, and at the Old England Hotel Lord Lonsdale and his guests lunched. A thunderstorm delayed their departure for Ambleside, but later in the afternoon the Emperor embarked on Mr. R. M'Iver's launch, the *Tetera*. Rydal, Grasmere, Thirlmere, and Keswick were passed; then the Kaiser went by special train to Penrith, where he was very enthusiastically greeted, and thence returned to Lowther Castle. On Aug. 15 he concluded his visit, and, travelling to Leith, went on board his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, which sailed for Hamburg in the evening.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The operations of the Channel fleet and the Reserve fleet, under command respectively of Admiral Lord Walter Kerr



THE MAKING OF A CITY: THE MORNING MARKET, JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA.

See Next Page.

appreciated. The first symptom of the new amenities between the Government and the Irish members was Mr. Balfour's undertaking to introduce a Bill to re-enact Section Thirteen of the Land Purchase Act before the end of the session. That section, which had a duration of only six months, permitted an evicted tenant to buy back his holding if he could make a voluntary agreement with his landlord. This arrangement is, practically, inoperative; but it deserves a further trial. Mr. Balfour's proposal was accompanied by the Chief Secretary's pledge to introduce a new Land Bill early next year. Critics of the Government have pointed out, not without reason, that Lord Salisbury's Ministry has begun by recognising the paramount importance of Irish affairs. The only legislation this session is to be Irish legislation, and the greater part of next session will be occupied by Ireland. The readiness of the Irish members to make the most of their chances with the new Government was expressed with great candour by Mr. Healy, who said that nothing had been done for Ireland the last three years—an implied reproach to his Liberal allies which was much relished on the Unionist benches. The Opposition had their revenge when Ministers refused to do anything this year for the relief of the agricultural interest and of the unemployed. Mr. Chaplin said very justly that he and his colleagues needed time to prepare their measures, but they were reminded by Sir William Harcourt that when they were in Opposition they professed to have remedies at their fingers' ends. Sir William dwelt on the pledges which had been given to the agricultural interest by Tory candidates.

Commission, the office of Commander-in-Chief will be in various directions subjected to change. But whatever may be its limitations, upon the holder of the office will devolve one of the greatest responsibilities in the British Empire. Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley's military career needs no recapitulation. Fortune has greatly favoured him during the sixty-two years of his life, yet few competent judges will deny him the possession of rare gifts and undoubted ability. He is the son of an Irish Major, and has had forty-five years' experience of the Army. He has smelt powder in all parts of the world—Burmah, the Crimea, India, China, Canada, Ashantee, and Africa. His latest office has been that of Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Ireland, which he filled with conspicuous success. Lord Wolseley in private life is very popular. His powers as an amateur artist are considerable, as is exemplified by his sketch reproduced on another page. No great military commander has been without detractors, and Lord Wolseley is no exception to the rule. But no man in the British Army has such staunch friends, and no man is so regardless of petty criticism.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT.

Our imperial guest, the German Emperor, has once more come and gone, leaving behind him as pleasant an impression as that which we trust he carries away. Especially enjoyable to the Emperor was his visit to Lowther Castle. It is well known that a great personal friendship has sprung up between the Kaiser and Lord

and Admiral Sir M. Seymour, have this year consisted not of a scheme of naval warfare between supposed hostile squadrons moving around the coasts of Ireland and in the neighbouring seas, as upon former occasions; but of a series of tactical exercises performed by sixteen battle-ships acting together, which took place from Aug. 11 to Aug. 14, after which the two fleets separated and engaged in target practice and torpedo practice. The Channel fleet had gone as far as Berehaven, in Bantry Bay, and the Reserve fleet to Lough Swilly, on the north coast of Ireland. Our Special Artist on board of H.M.S. *Repulse* contributes a good view of the ships engaged in steam tactics, which made a very lively spectacle, as they churned up the blue surface of the water in all directions with white streaks, frequently altering their course and changing the formation of the squadrons. The combined fleet, when in single line ahead, with the ships at two cables' length from each other, extended 6000 yards, and when disposed in four columns, with eight cables' length distance between the columns, the space occupied was about 4800 yards square. Our Artist has delineated a few scenes of the ordinary work and life of seamen. The *Royal Sovereign* was the flag-ship of the Channel fleet, with the *Empress of India* carrying the Rear-Admiral's flag; the Reserve fleet included the *Alexandra*, *Galatea*, *Edinburgh*, *Dreadnought*, *Warspite*, *Colossus*, *Benbow*, and *Astræa*. On Aug. 15 the Channel fleet arrived at Portland, and the Reserve fleet at Torbay, returning from their tactical cruise, which is considered by the naval profession to have been of an instructive character, and to have been accomplished in a satisfactory and creditable style.



THE MAKING OF A CITY: JOHANNESBURG IN 1889.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA.

The opening of the Delagoa Bay Railway at Pretoria on July 9 marked in a striking way the marvellous progress of Johannesburg. That city, whose rapid rise is one of the most extraordinary features in the development of South Africa, is now connected with the East Coast by rail, and this cannot fail to exercise an important effect upon its progress. As Sir Hercules Robinson remarked, at the banquet held to commemorate the opening of the line, the railway was a monument of the perseverance and resolution of one man—President Krüger. During the past fourteen years they had seen a new Transvaal, and a new population. What was a wilderness had become a prosperous State. The largest town in the South African Republic is not Pretoria, the seat of the

Government, but Johannesburg, which is the centre of the Witwatersrand goldfields. Within the last half-a-dozen years, as is strikingly shown by our Illustrations, Johannesburg has grown from a collection of shanties into a city. It has a population, according to the last census, of over 40,000, to which must be added a floating population of 30,000 engaged in the goldfields along the Rand. The output of gold from the mines during last June was 200,941 oz., an extraordinary result. It was only in 1886 that the first discovery of gold at Witwatersrand was made, and since then the total output has been enormous. By the Delagoa Bay Railway the distance to the coast is under four hundred miles. The enterprise has been fraught with many difficulties, and the final success of the scheme merited all the compliments bestowed upon it. It ought to give an impetus to

agriculture, which already has been greatly developed. There is less need to describe in detail the features of Johannesburg, now that the place has been visited by so many travellers. It is a very busy town, full of motion and life from early morning, when the market is in full swing, until sundown. You will see in its new streets the faces of many eager young Britishers who are seeking their fortune side by side with the more stolid countenances of prosperous burghers. Johannesburg has its well-appointed Stock Exchange, two elegant theatres, and other public buildings to attest its civilisation. Yet all the material for the construction of houses has had to be brought in ox-wagons hundreds of miles. This "City of Gold" has stealthily risen into its present position virtually in seven years—that is a fact which is more romantic than most novels.



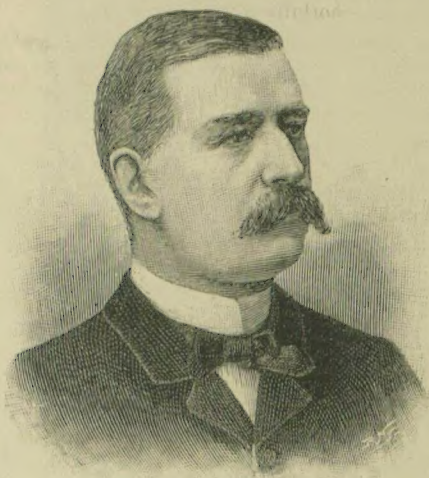
THE MAKING OF A CITY: JOHANNESBURG IN 1895.



ON THE SUMMIT.—BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

PERSONAL.

The most striking feature of the recently concluded meetings of the Geographical Congress was the dauntless proposal by



DR. S. A. ANDRÉE.

Dr. S. A. Andrée, of Sweden, and has received encouragement for his forthcoming enterprise from King Oscar. Up to the present his longest journey in a balloon has been 400 kilometres. The balloon in which Dr. Andrée expects to reach the North Pole has a lifting power of 3000 kilogrammes. He will have a companion in Mr. Ekkolm, and both gentlemen profess to see no difficulty too great to surmount.

Professor H. E. J. Bevan, the new Vicar of Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, is one of the younger men whom their contemporaries like to destine for great things. Born of good family, *bene natus, bene vestitus, mediocriter doctus*, he fulfils all the requirements of the old Oriel formula. Educated at Shrewsbury School, he proceeded to St. John's, Cambridge, on a Shrewsbury Scholarship. He graduated in 1878, and then went on to Ely Theological College. He was ordained in the same year, and went to the curacy and lectureship of a City church. In 1883 he became Vicar of St. Andrew's, Stoke Newington, which under his fostering care has been made one of the most beautiful of suburban churches. He speedily drew around him a large and very attached congregation, to whom his removal is a bereavement under which they find it hard to be patient. Honours have come readily to him. He is Gresham Professor of Theology; he is one of his Bishop's Examining Chaplains; and he has twice been Select Preacher at Cambridge.

King Alexander of Serbia, who has just reached his nineteenth birthday, is at Lucerne, where also is his father. Ex-King Milan takes life very easily now that he is rid of responsibility, and may be seen any day at the Schweizerhof enjoying the scenery and the constantly varying company which throng that famous hostelry.

It is not easy to find a Chairman for the London School Board. Lord George Hamilton had not long occupied the post when he was summoned to more important duties in the Cabinet. Lord Knutsford, who is not a member of the

new Government, was expected to take Lord George's place in the educational Parliament of London; but he has declined a position which is extremely irksome, and comes in for no reward of any kind.

The Sultan Mahomed Aga Khan writes from Poonah to the *Times* to complain that Lord Dunmore persists in circulating a good story about the Sultan's grandfather, who was said to have issued free passes to Heaven, addressed to "my brother Gabriel." The Sultan remonstrated with Lord Dunmore when the latter published the story in the first edition of "The Pamirs"; and yet it reappears in the second edition. Of course, it is not true. Even Lord Dunmore does not pretend that it has any authenticity. So the question arises whether one has a right to publish any good story he happens to hear about the ancestor of a Sultan. If the serious view which Mahomed Aga Khan takes of the matter were to prevail, what would become of travellers' tales?

Slatin Pasha's account of the present Mahdi is not agreeable, but that potentate has an undoubted gift of dignified retort. It seems that Zobeir Pasha offered to mediate between the Khalifa and the Egyptian Government. To the letter making this curious proposition the Arab monarch replied that he had no desire to make peace either with the Egyptians or the British, and that the duty of Zobeir, as a good Mussulman, was to help the Soudanese to clear the infidels out of Africa. As a retort, this leaves nothing to be desired. Nobody can feel sorry that Zobeir has brought this on himself, for he has been thoroughly discredited since Gordon found him out, and his offer to mediate is a piece of grotesque impudence.

A great bookman has died in Baron Tauchnitz, who passed away on Aug. 13, within a few days of attaining



THE LATE BARON TAUCHNITZ.

his seventieth birthday. Christian Bernhard Tauchnitz, who was created a Baron by the late Duke of Coburg in 1877, was the founder of the famous library which bears his name. First of all, as a young man he had started a printing and publishing business in Leipzig. Then, after a visit to various English writers, he started in 1841 his "Collection of British Authors," which has now reached a total of three thousand books. The library was rapidly appreciated by travellers on the Continent, and, despite rivalry, the Tauchnitz Collection remains supreme all over Europe. The Baron's business relations with British authors were extremely pleasant, and several of them were his guests in his charming Schloss at Leipzig. He was fond of showing them his complete series of British works, uniformly bound in maroon calf, and also the interesting collection of autograph letters which he had received from Carlyle, Dickens, Disraeli, Macaulay, and others. Baron Tauchnitz wrote and spoke English very well, and filled the office of British Consul-General for the kingdom of Saxony. Latterly his health had prevented his taking much part in the work of the firm, which devolved upon the competent shoulders of his eldest son, Baron George Tauchnitz. Two generations of tourists owe to the deceased Baron gratitude for countless hours of delightful recreation due to his original enterprise.

A rumour that the Duke of York's column in Waterloo Place was crumbling caused much alarm, especially at the Athenæum Club. An official statement by the Commissioner of Works ought to relieve any anxiety. The column is not collapsing; it is only chipped after the manner of monuments which are well on in years. It was erected more than sixty years ago by public subscription to commemorate the second son of George III. The column, which is of Scotch granite, stands 124 ft. high, while the statue adds fourteen feet to it. The former was designed by B. Wyatt, while the latter is the work of Sir R. Westmacott. Formerly it was possible to obtain a fine view from the gallery at the top of the column, but for some years it has been deemed unsafe to permit the ascent of the public.

We may hope that Dr. Schweinfurth's vigorous letter to the *Times* upon the scandal of Egyptian excavation, as at present carried on by young and old men in a hurry, will have the effect it deserves. For some reason or other, for which the deepest depths of human nature are responsible, there exists at present among excavators a somewhat



Photo by P. Taylor.

A WHALE AT MILLWALL.

undignified rivalry, the object of which is to secure the largest finds in the smallest time, of objects that possess considerable value and of obvious importance. The natural result of so puerile a competition follows. The lesser finds—so to call them—the little stone implements, the filings, are ruthlessly scattered abroad with most injurious results to the cause of Egyptian excavation.

The truth of the matter seems to be this. The excavators are without apparatus and almost entirely unprepared for the preservation of small and mostly fragile treasures. They content themselves, says Dr. Schweinfurth, with considerable scorn, with wrapping the objects found in mummy linen, and he sighs: "If only the gentlemen of the archaeological excavations would take a few lessons from the naturalists!" The point of which remark is summed up in the observation that "a visit to any botanical or zoological museum would convince them that the labelling of all objects, even the smallest, is not only possible, but absolutely necessary." We may faintly trust the larger hope that this letter will have some reasonable and substantial effect.

The announcement that the Prince of Wales would visit the Leeds Musical Festival has already had the effect of sending up the hotel prices for Festival week to considerably enhanced value. It is improbable that the Three Choirs Festival, which will begin at Gloucester on Sept. 10, will suffer in popularity by reason of the extra attraction to Leeds. Many hundreds of people look forward annually to restful and delightful days spent in one or other of the three cathedral cities, listening to music under the happiest of conditions.

The indefatigable Mr. Paul du Chaillu, who never completes one work without immediately looking forward to another, has it in his mind, as soon as the three books the proofs of which he is engaged in correcting are published, to pay a visit to Russia, and to trace the course of one or two rivers—the Volga, perhaps, and another—for those purposes of historical and geographical investigation which have so many years occupied the genius and courage of this extraordinary traveller. He believes that Russia will yield to him a great store of riches, but whether it will be for the building up of new theories or for the enriching of his mind with local colour which he may afterwards produce in literature, we cannot, of course, prophesy with any confidence now.

The carcass of a whale, one of the "bottle-nosed" species, 21 ft. in length, was recently found by some boatmen floating in the Thames not far below Greenwich. It had probably drifted with the tide up from the sea. Two deep gashes in its side told the tale of its death, and these wounds are not unlikely to have been inflicted by the blades of a screw-propeller. The body of the whale, having been towed ashore, was exhibited to many people as an unwonted sight in the neighbourhood of Millwall and Rotherhithe.

THE ALBUM.

This New High-Class Art Newspaper consists of Forty Pages of Literary and Art Matter and a Sixteen-Page Supplement Every Week, price Sixpence.

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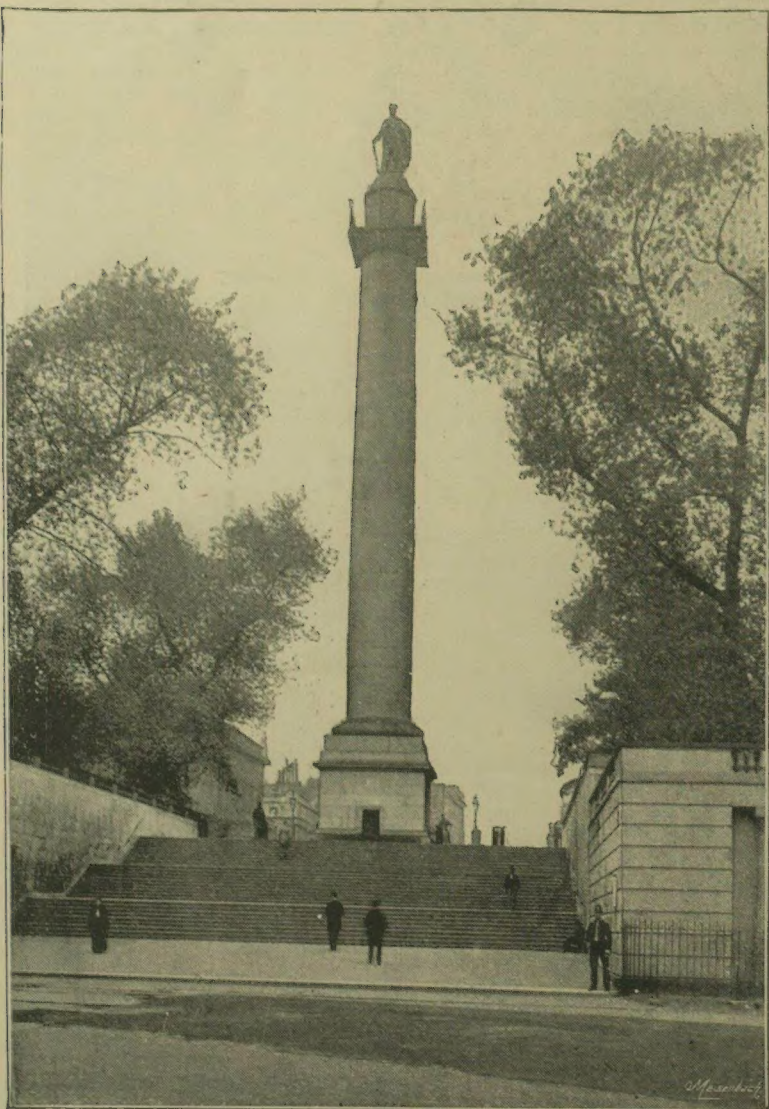


Photo by Russell and Sons

THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN, PALL MALL.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Osborne, Isle of Wight, accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Beatrice, was visited on Friday, Aug. 16, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Maud and Victoria of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York. The Queen and their Royal Highnesses a day or two before were at Carisbrooke Castle at a bazaar opened by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg in aid of the funds of the 5th Isle of Wight Volunteer Battalion, called Princess Beatrice's Hampshire Regiment. Her Majesty holds a Council on Aug. 24, and goes to Balmoral on the 27th.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family returned on Saturday, the 17th, from Cowes to London; and on Monday the Princess of Wales and her daughters left England for Copenhagen, to visit the King and Queen of Denmark. The Prince of Wales on Tuesday left England for Homburg.

The Duke of Connaught, at Aldershot, on Aug. 16 inspected a portion of the troops going to take part in the New Forest military manoeuvres, under command of Sir Charles Warren, and next day inspected those of Sir W. F. Butler's division. On Monday these troops marched off to the appointed places of their encampment, by the route of Farnham, Alton, and Avington, near Winchester. Their encampments in the New Forest district are at Godshill, Rockford, and Ocknell, from Aug. 23 to Sept. 2.

It is announced that Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge will relinquish the office of Commander-in-Chief on Nov. 1, and will be succeeded by Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley.

The first international congress of delegates of English and foreign Co-operative Industrial Societies was opened, at the Society of Arts' House in the Adelphi, on Monday, Aug. 19, Earl Grey presiding; Mr. E. O. Greening, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, Mr. T. Burt, M.P., Mr. Hodgson Pratt, Mr. George Livesey, and others, taking part in the discussions. It was stated that in this country alone there are now a hundred and twenty manufacturing concerns established on the co-operative or profit-sharing principle of partnership between employers and employed, with a capital amounting to £800,000, yielding a profit in addition to wages; and that co-operative stores are used by a million and a quarter of families purchasing to the yearly amount of four or five millions sterling. A resolution was passed constituting a permanent association of those agreed upon this principle, to be styled the International Co-operative Alliance. Interesting particulars concerning different organisations of the kind in Belgium, France, Germany, and Switzerland were communicated to the Congress. There was an evening reception at the South Kensington Museum; and on Saturday there would be a Festival, with grand Co-operative Flower Show, at the Crystal Palace.

The International Cyclists' meeting at Cologne was concluded on Monday, Aug. 19. The principal event was the amateur championship race of 100 kilometres, in which twelve competitors started, two of them being English—namely, Mr. E. Scott and Mr. C. G. Wridgeway; both of them unfortunately fell. The race was won by Mynheer Cordang, of Holland, who rode the distance in little more than two hours and a half. Another Dutchman, Mynheer Witteveen, was second.

The international chess tournament, at Hastings, played in the hall of the Brassey Institute, has attracted some attention during the past week, several of the most eminent foreign chess-players—Tchigorin, Gunsberg, Steinitz, Lasker, Tarrasch, and Bardeleben—being present; while an American, Mr. Pillsbury, has proved a worthy opponent of Herr Lasker; and Messrs. Bird, Mason, Pollock, Tinsley, and Blackburne represent English skill in the game.

Cricket has been going on daily at Kennington Oval with the series of matches between different county teams for the championship; but the Surrey team, which had been generally successful, was defeated last week by Yorkshire and Lancashire, after which Surrey had yet to encounter the representatives of Kent, Somerset, Gloucester, Sussex, and Hampshire.

The Church Defence Association held its annual meeting at Westminster on Aug. 16, and passed a resolution expressing thankfulness that the policy of Church Disestablishment and Disendowment in Wales had been condemned by the result of the General Election.

At the annual meeting of the Cobden Club an opinion was expressed that the Merchandise Marks Act is likely to have an injurious effect on import trade by admitting unnecessary interference of the Customs authorities with foreign goods.

Lord Dunraven's yacht, *Va kyrie III.*, which has

crossed the Atlantic to contest the America Challenge Cup with the *Defender*, arrived at New York on Aug. 18, having sailed well in yawl rig, notwithstanding rough weather and hard gales on the ocean. The *Defender* and *Vigilant* have made a trial of speed against each other.

The Channel steam-boat *Seaford*, from Dieppe to Newhaven, was run down in a fog on Tuesday afternoon by a cargo-steamer, the *Lyon*, and sank in three-quarters of an hour, but all the passengers, 255 in number, and all the crew were saved, being taken on board the *Lyon* and brought to Newhaven. Three ladies and one other passenger suffered fractures of the limbs from the shock of the collision.

The President of the French Republic has been reviewing the naval squadron now stationed on the north coast of France at Havre.

The German Emperor, on Sunday, Aug. 18, at Berlin, laid the foundation-stone of a national monument, to be erected in front of the royal palace, to commemorate the victories of 1870 and 1871. It will comprise an equestrian statue of the Emperor William I., with statues of Bismarck, Moltke, von Roon, the Crown Prince (Emperor Frederick), and other commanders of the German army in that war. The Emperor was accompanied by his eldest son, and by the Grand Duke of Baden, the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, and other high personages. His Majesty next

The French troops have suffered greatly from disease, having three or four thousand men down with fever at the present time. The British cruiser *Marathon* is on the coast, and has been used by the Consul to visit many of the ports.

A furnace explosion at the Carnegie Steel Works at Braddock, Pennsylvania, on Aug. 20, killed nine workmen, all Hungarians, and mortally injured five others.

At Denver, Colorado, on Aug. 19, the Guniry Hotel was destroyed by fire in consequence of a boiler explosion. Many lives were lost—fifteen at least—and other inmates of the hotel are missing, perhaps buried in the ruins.

In the South American Republic of Ecuador, fighting goes on between the Government troops under General Vega and the insurgents led by Alfaro and Serrano. There are contradictory reports of the latest conflict, but it is said that the town of Cuenca is in danger of capture by the rebels.

Armed bands of Bulgarians have lately entered the Turkish provinces of Macedonia, attacking the Mussulman portion of the inhabitants, who are not Turks, but of the Bulgarian or a Slavonic race. They are said to have entirely destroyed one village, and killed twenty or thirty people.

On the coast of East Africa, another conflict has taken place with a rebellious Arab chief, named Mbaruk bin Raschid, whose stronghold at Mwele was attacked on Aug. 17 by Admiral Rawson, commanding the British naval squadron, with Zanzibar troops under General Sir Lloyd William Mathews. The place was captured, but the chief, Mbaruk, again escaped. A seaman of H.M.S. *Phoebe* and a bugler of the Marines were severely wounded; General Mathews and five or six other Englishmen slightly wounded; and three Soudanese were killed.

On the west coast of Morocco, between Mazagan and Saffi, the rising of the Abda and Dukala tribes has excited great fear of their attacking and pillaging the towns. The British cruisers *Archuthusa* and *Fearless*, at Gibraltar, may probably be sent to the assistance of the European Consuls on that coast.

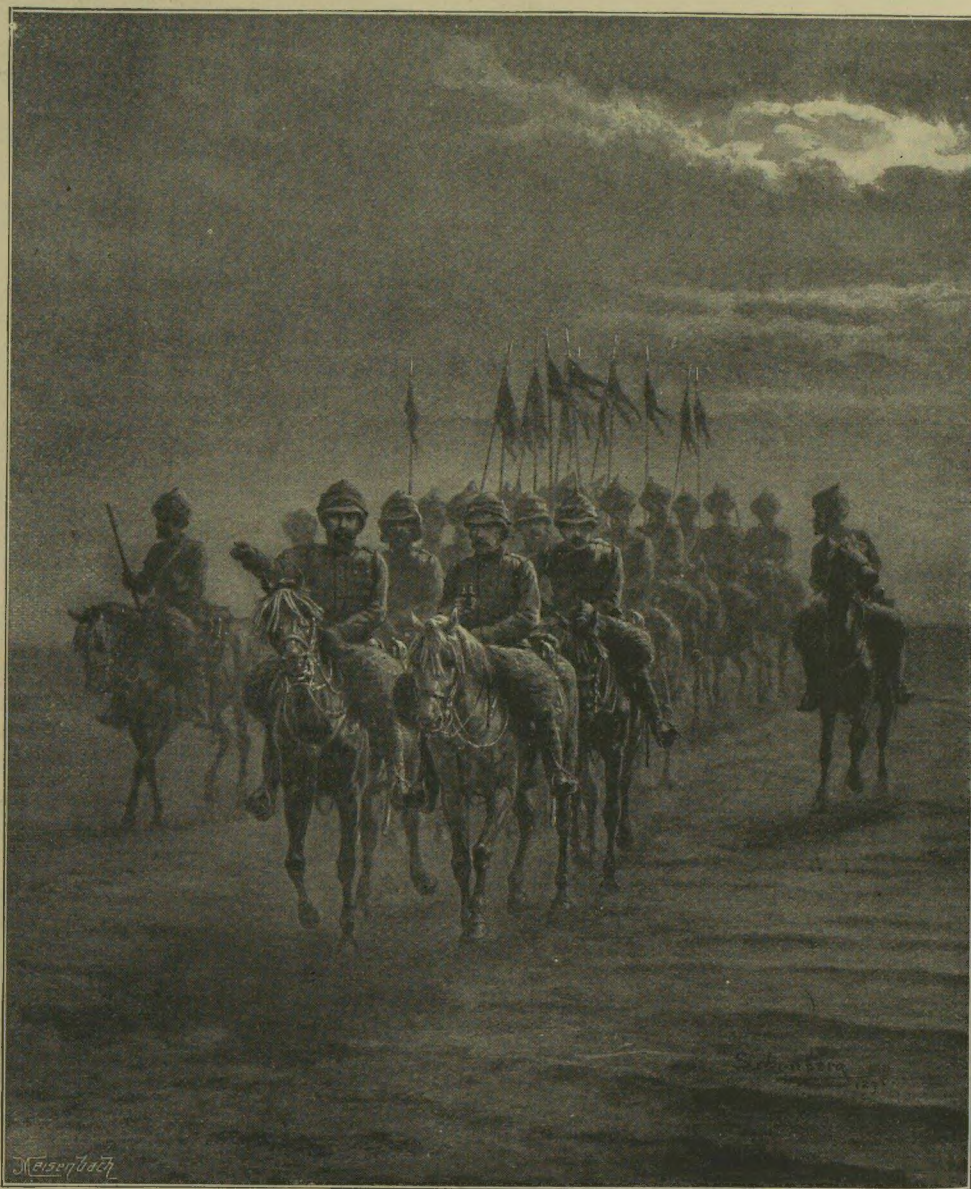
The Prefect or Governor of the Chinese province of Fu-kien, and the Chinese local authorities at Ku-chen, have refused to allow the British and American Consuls from Foo-chow to be present at the examination of prisoners charged with taking part in the massacre of the Rev. R. W. Stewart and his family and the mission ladies at Wha-sang. The British Minister at Peking has been instructed by our Government to insist upon this right being immediately conceded.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The theatrical season nowadays ends only to begin again, and in spite of the hot weather the Strand Theatre has been reopened for a season by Mr. Wilfred Clarke, son of the ever-popular—though now, alas! retired—comedian, Mr. J. S. Clarke. The occasion was naturally one of considerable interest, and the play was for once not necessarily "the thing." This was, perhaps, fortunate, since "New York Divorce" is a *réchauffé* of well-known incidents. However, the piece is acknowledged to be "based on the French." The central motive has much in common with "Prête-moi

ta Femme," but is adapted to illustrate a curious point of the New York divorce laws. It appears from the programme that "New York permits polygamy and polyandry in certain cases. Desertion for five years, without knowledge that the deserter is living, permits the one deserted to marry again; and the second marriage is valid, though the deserter returns."

A series of extravagantly diverting complications arises from this uncomfortable domestic basis in the household of Mr. Paul Roach, an artist who, to deceive a rich uncle, passes off his wife as the wife of his friend, who, unknown to him, is really married to his ward. Roach himself has been previously married, a fact unknown to his second wife, and has an elderly stepson, really the first husband of the present Mrs. Roach. He is also persecuted by a damsel who, thinking him unmarried, has become his parlour-maid in order to gain material for a breach of promise action against him. If never very ingenious, the fun is at least sufficiently wild and whirling, thanks to the hard work of the performers. Mr. Wilfred Clarke, who played the part of Paul Roach, is a remarkably able farcical comedian of the mock-tragic vein, and proved himself a worthy son of his father. His energies are tremendous, and he held the straggling incidents together by the intensity of his comic frenzies of jealousy and rage. The support was good, on the whole. Mr. Arthur Wood was amusing as the irascible uncle; Mr. Oswald Yorke, as Roach's friend, played pleasantly; and Mesdames Muriel Wyllford, Nancy Noel, and Marie Hudspeth exhibited unflagging vivacity in their several rôles. The farce was preceded by a one-act trifle of sentimental character, entitled "A Youngster's Adventure," from the pen of Mr. J. S. Clarke.



GENERAL WOLSELEY RECONNOITRING THE POSITION OF THE ARABS BEFORE KASSASSIN,

AUGUST, 1882.

From a Sketch by Lord Wolseley, supplied to us by our Special Artist, Mr. J. Schönborg.

day reviewed 14,000 veterans of the war on the Tempelhof plain.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the battles of Mars-la-Tour, St. Privat, and Gravelotte, near Metz, was celebrated by many of the Germans in Lorraine, retired soldiers and others, with processions and speeches, and laying of wreaths upon the graves of those killed in the French war.

Eight persons in a train of barges on the Rhine were drowned on Aug. 19 by the sinking of barges from collision with a river-steamer.

Seventeen lives were lost on Sunday evening, near Hamburg, by the sinking of a pleasure-boat in collision with a steam-ship on the Elbe.

The Queen-Regent of Spain, on Aug. 15, at Vittoria, inspected the troops about to be sent to Cuba, and the Apostolic Nuncio gave them a Papal benediction. They are to enable Marshal Martinez Campos to put down the rebels.

The Turkish Government has delivered a very unsatisfactory reply to the last joint demand of the British, French, and Russian Ambassadors concerning reforms to be effected in the administration of the Armenian provinces. The establishment of foreign European control over the execution of the proposed reforms is again rejected, on the ground that it would be fatal to the sovereignty of the Sultan and to the independence of the Ottoman Empire.

The French army in Madagascar, under General Duchesne, was on Aug. 12 occupying the heights near Andriba, and in expectation of a battle in its approach to the Hova capital. All foreigners in the city of Antananarivo had been warned to leave it for the east coast.



THE EMPEROR.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO THE LAKES: EMBARKING AT THE "OLD ENGLAND" LANDING-STAGE, BOWNESS.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

We had scarcely gone on our homeward way above a hundred yards when there appeared before us in the distance, but rapidly bearing down upon us, a drunkard on wheels. I speak advisedly; there were the wheels, and on the top of them a plank covered with vegetables, in the midst of which, erect before our eyes, stood a palpable drunkard. He stood, I say, bolt upright among his vegetables, which kept falling off on one side or the other of the plank, while the man kept shaking the reins wildly, shouting, yelling, and lashing his unfortunate horse, which was already going as fast as its impoverished condition would allow it to do. There were several travellers and bystanders who appeared entirely to enter into the fun of the thing, and roared with laughter at the absurd gesticulations of this mad or intoxicated charioteer. But it was by no means a matter of laughter to me, for an elderly lady in a bath-chair has a bad chance when she happens to be in the direct course of a runaway steed or a furious driver. The approaching wheels, moreover, were keeping no direct course at all, but swerving first to one side of the road and then to the other, as if seeking some victim to run against and overthrow. We drew up as near the hedge as we could manage, but just as they neared us the horse shied towards our side of the road so suddenly that in another moment we should have been under the wheels of the juggernaut if my driver had not by a rapid and dexterous turn of the handle whisked the chair right across the road just in time to save me from the threatened peril.

In time, yet not in time: the wheels of the passing vehicle touched my chair, it tilted, balanced for one moment, and in another I was rolling in the dust. There! I can't describe what I felt. At my age, in my station of life, after a peaceful existence passed for the most part at Fearnley Manor-house, and seldom having left home before, save on an occasional visit to relations, to find myself rolling over and over in a high road, fifty miles off, my bonnet crushed, my gown torn, and one of my shoes off! It was indeed a terrible state of things, and one very different from anything which I had ever for a moment contemplated when I suffered myself to be persuaded into leaving home for the seaside. Seaside, indeed! I could roll in the dust at Fearnley with the greatest ease if I wished to do so, and in better and cleaner dust, too, for the matter of that; but I never had such a preposterous wish in my life, and it was altogether too bad to be brought to the seaside to endure such a misfortune. Mary herself was too much shocked to laugh as they tried to raise me up from the ground. A pretty job they had to do it, I can tell you, for every time they lifted me up a bit, down I plumped again, and it seemed as if they never would succeed. They did so at last, however, and as the chair did not seem to have sustained any material damage, I once more took my seat therein, and we set off homewards.

It could not have been more than a couple of hundred yards further to our square, and I should have thought I had experience enough of misfortune for one day, and might have been left by the Fates to return safely to my lodgings. Not so, however. My troubles were by no means over. The chair had been evidently more injured by its fall than we had at first perceived, and just as we

drew up to our own door, there was a crash and a bump, and the whole hood fell bodily forward, shutting me in as tight as tight could be, in a confined and most uncomfortable position. So tight, indeed, that no efforts appeared able to set me free. In vain the driver pulled and pushed; in vain more men pushed and pulled. Something had caught something else and got wedged in, and there was I, wedged in too, bent half double, and hardly able to breathe. In vain I called to Mary to let me out; in vain I assured her I would never get into a bath-chair again, and never set foot in this or any other watering-place a second time if I could only once get safe home. The more I struggled the tighter I got. There was a crowd in a minute: I knew there was a crowd by the way Mary kept begging me to be quiet. Quiet, indeed! I should like to know who *would* have been quiet in my position! And to make matters worse, the crowd began to be jocular: the boys shouted out all that I said, with their own additions, and seemed to consider the whole thing as an entertainment especially provided for their own amusement.

"She says she'll go home—drag her down to the station!"

"No, Bill, take her down to the sea, just for a last look, poor old gal!"

"She says she'll never come here no more—not never. Sartin ruin to the town, ain't it?"

"Let's see her safe off, then; here, where's a card? Direct her to London—this side uppermost, with care. 'Old lady.' 'To be kept dry.' 'Perishable.' 'Boarded and lodged and done for.'"

"She says she can't breathe! We be so fashionable all the lodgings is let, and they've had to fit the old 'un into a bath-chair, and a tight fit, too!"

To such remarks as these, and to others still more vulgar and impertinent, I was obliged to listen for a time which appeared to me never-ending. At last a loud shout proclaimed that the hood had been forced back sufficiently to set me free; and I was able to sit up and glare defiantly at my tormentors over my front, which had fallen across my nose. My strength, however, was too far spent to allow of my making any remarks of a recriminatory nature, even had the rabble before me been worthy of such notice. As I was lifted into the house I could see that every window was crowded, and several carriages and carts were stopping in order that their occupants might see the fun. It was some time before the street was quiet again, and still longer before I was able in any degree to compose myself. My niece certainly paid me every attention, soothed and comforted me by every means in her power, and brought me a glass of my favourite camphor julep, which always quiets my poor nerves more effectually than anything else. I laid back upon the sofa whereon her tender care had placed me, and with my head resting upon the carefully arranged cushions, with a soft pillow from my bed upon the top of them, began to grow more and more tranquil, and was just about dozing off into a comfortable sleep. Suddenly I was roused, and every sense thoroughly awakened by a fearful and piercing scream.

"Bless me! what's that?" I asked in great alarm as I started from my pillow. Staines, who was sitting near,

while Mary had retired to her room, crept on tiptoe to the window and peeped out. The shrieks continued.

"Oh, I see! It's the celebrated tenor, Ma'am."

"Celebrated fiddlestick!" cried I angrily. "What on earth do you mean?"

"It's the singer, Ma'am, that they think so much of. I heard him singing the other day, and they told me he was the celebrated tenor."

"Tenor!" repeated I; "what does he mean by coming tenoring here, waking me up out of a nice sleep?"

"He's greatly thought of here, Ma'am. People flock to hear him."

"Let him flock to see them, then, and not come bothering me."

"I'll mention it, Ma'am," said Staines as she crept quietly out; but whether she did or not is more than I can say. The man had his tenor out to his heart's content, and kept me awake till he was tired, or had some other reason of his own for leaving off. Then I gradually fell asleep again, but only to be once more aroused by the crash of a brass band vibrating through the room; and they had scarcely been bribed to take their departure by the sacrifice of half-a-crown before a new torment followed in the shape of men and boys shouting and blowing horns, and, in short, indulging in yells which were scarcely consistent with the idea that they belonged to a civilised community. Mary said they were Tyrolese singers, and well worth looking at, and so they may have been for anything I know; but by this time I was in a perfect fever, and shortly afterwards retired to bed and stayed there for several days. During this time I had ample opportunity of pondering over the events which had occurred since my arrival at this charming and fashionable town, and had come to a final and irrevocable conclusion that I had been a great fool to go there at all, and should be an infinitely greater fool if I ever went there again.

The first day I left my room was chilly, or, at least, it felt so to me after my confinement to my bed. I wanted a fire. The landlady objected, as if, forsooth, she had a perfect right to do so. Her fireplaces had received their summer adornment, and she could not have it displaced. She only altered her mind when she found it was a question between our removal and that of the flimsy cut paper with which her grates were filled. Then for three days the whole house was in a smother of smoke, and I was put away, first in one room and then in another, and all the other lodgers were continually calling out on the stairs to know if the house was on fire. I say "all the other lodgers," but I must except the man with the dog, who never made any inquiry or complaint, but most civilly offered his rooms more than once, and sent most polite messages through the landlady. I meant to have found out his name then, and did ask Staines more than once, but the first time she said she had not heard it, and the next time that she "believed it was Jones or Johnson or somethink of the kind, but somehow it had quite slipped her memory at the moment," and I forgot to ask her again.

At last I was taken out of a soap and candle closet on the top floor, the last refuge they had found for me, and brought back to our room, which was all over blacks, chilled through and through with open windows to let out

the smoke, and smelling like an old chimney. The landlady was indignantly triumphant.

"I told you how 'twould be, Ma'am. It's out of all reason to be wanting fires in September. The chimbleys knows better than to burn out of season. There was an old gentleman had them downstairs rooms last winter as had fires day and night, and he'd have flown out of the house like a hungry 'Otentot if he'd smelt the least atomy of smoke in the square, he would. But winter's winter, and summer's summer—that's where it is."

I was too fatigued to dispute this proposition, even had I been otherwise disposed to do so, though I saw no reason why the old gentleman in question should have been made like a Hottentot by the accident of smoke, unless he already resembled a person of that nationality, nor why a Hottentot should be more addicted to anger, as a general rule, than anybody else. Finding, however, that the downstairs rooms in question happened to be vacant, and being quite unable to put up with the smell and the cold of those we had previously occupied, we moved at once into the old gentleman's former quarters. Certainly the fire *did* burn beautifully in spite of its being summer, and for a few hours I was more comfortable than I had been since quitting my own fireside. I won't say anything about the sofa tilting back with me, and only being saved from a crash by Mary and Staines sitting with difficulty on one side of it until I got off into my chair, or about the bottom of the said chair coming suddenly out, to my great personal inconvenience. These, after what had already befallen me, were comparative trifles, and, doubtless, only according to the usual way of such things at seaside places.

New vexations were still in store. Next day the house was invaded by the oddest people I ever saw. Mary was so amused at them that she actually persuaded me to take a peep from behind the curtain. There was a fat, quiet-looking man with a red face and coarse hands, without gloves to conceal their coarseness, several children, and two women, dressed respectively in a light yellow skirt and blue tunic, and flat plate of straw, with flowers in the middle, for a bonnet, and a sea-green silk and blue bonnet. Such strange-looking creatures you never saw; and as every word could be heard in our rooms as they talked to the landlady at the door, we had the full benefit of the following delightful conversation.

"I see you 'ave happartments to let. Can you haccomodate hus?" said she of the yellow skirt.

"I'm afraid not, Ma'am. I've only a drawing-room and two bed-rooms."

"No! that's hample—hif honly the drawing-room is helegant."

"Elegant? I should think so, indeed, Ma'am. Why, I've had the very fust of the quality in my house. There's Lord and Lady Ernest Oxtan had these very rooms last year, which is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Ma'am, if they was the last words as ever I had to speak."

"No, hindeed! No doubt but what your 'sweet' will suit us. Hi'll come in hand 'ave a look at the place."

"But you're never going to stow away all that lot in two bed-rooms, Ma'am?"

"Oh, yes, we will! The young folk must learn to rough it: hin fact we're *hall* prepared to rough it when we come to the sea. The drawing-room is the chief p'int. Hif *that's* cosy for to receive in, we'll fit in somehow or hother, never fear. But, hi say, what's the price?"

"Six guineas and a half."

"My! That's a precious lot. Come, now, say five. We're game for five, but six and a 'alf is sticking it hon a bit, now!"

A long wrangle followed, until at length the ladies of the party came in and went upstairs to see the rooms. Presently a loud voice called over the banisters to the rest of the party—

"Bill, you may come in! I've took it for six! She's took hof the 'alf!"

"My dear child!" I exclaimed to my niece in great disgust, "these people are actually coming in! They have taken rooms in *our* house! It is not to be endured!"

"No, Aunt," returned Mary promptly. "It is to be enjoyed! I hardly hoped for such luck!"

I could by no means see the matter in this light, but, of course, there was no remedy. The people could not be prevented from coming in, nor the landlady from letting her rooms. Once more there was an end of all peace and comfort. The house was like a rabbit-warren with these creatures popping in and out all over the place, and though Mary found great and continual amusement in the dress, language, and manners of the new lodgers, I could discover nothing to recompense me for the annoyance and positive sufferings which I underwent from screaming children, heavy feet, and the perpetual odour of dinners from which the flavour of onions (which I particularly dislike) was not always absent.

Mary appeared to have attained to a climax of happiness when one day she put her foot into an open jam-tart placed in the darkest part of the landing-place to await its entrance into the "salong," and actually roared with laughter when the husband or brother, or whatever he was of the new people ran against the maid as he came blundering out of his room and overset the tray which she was laboriously carrying upstairs. The very next day after their arrival a series of bumps against our outer wall

announced the advent of a piano. That none of the party could play did not seem to matter to them the least, but rendered the thing infinitely more unpleasant to us. There was hardly any cessation of thumping and strumming when the ladies of the party were indoors. One or other of them was always picking out note by note the "Row Polka" or "God Save the Queen," beyond which two melodies they never seemed to advance.

I could not have remained in the house but for the certainty that the Spawns (for such was their delightful name) were to go at the end of their week. Shall I ever forget their last evening? They actually presumed to give a dance. I do not know who played for them, but the jingling piano gave forth the most fearful polkas and waltzes, the babble of voices was incessant, and the house shook again with the heavy feet of the dancers. I do not suppose the party was a large one, but it was quite large enough and noisy enough to drive me half distracted, and cause me most devoutly to wish them all at Jericho.

Next morning, about an hour before this most obnoxious family were to take their departure, Staines came in to say that a young woman wished to speak to me about the kitchen-maid's place at Fearnley, which happened to be vacant, through Eliza Jones being fool enough to go and marry the young grocer. "Send her up," said I, though rather surprised that anyone in that place should have discovered that I wanted a servant.

A very respectable-looking young woman was accordingly shown into the room, who made a proper curtsy and applied for the place. When I say "made a proper curtsy," I do not tell exactly the truth. Maidservants never *do* make a proper, good, old-fashioned curtsy nowadays, as they used to do when I was a girl, but bend forward with an inclination of their body which is generally anything but graceful, and does not seem to me half so becoming and respectful as the old way. Well, the girl bent or bowed, or whatever you choose to call it, and when I asked her the usual questions, gave satisfactory answers to all of them, and seemed likely enough to suit. She said she was leaving a lady of my acquaintance "to better herself," and had come to the place we were at for a treat with her brother and his wife. As she said this Mary suddenly turned round from the window at which she had been standing, looked hard at the girl, and then, making a hasty step forward, exclaimed, "Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane!" in a tone of mingled surprise and wrath which I could not understand.

"Well, child, what are you 'Aunt Jane-ing' me about now?"

Instead of answering, my niece walked straight up to the girl, who had meantime got as red as a turkey-cock, and, looking her full in the face, said in a tone of voice which admitted of no contradiction: "You are Miss Spawm!" The girl made no answer. "You *are*!" repeated Mary with emphasis, and I thought I heard a faint assent.

"And may I ask what is your object in dressing up like this and trying to impose upon us in this manner?" asked Mary in a majestic tone, though I knew very well she would have done exactly the same thing herself at any time for the mere fun of it.

But the girl raised her eyes in genuine surprise. "I'm not imposing on you, Ma'am—and I'm sure I've no objick only to get a place."

"What are you, then?" asked my niece in some perplexity.

"Please, Ma'am, I'm a kitchen-maid. Mrs. Furnival, as I lived with these fourteen months, will answer for me."

For once Mary was silent from astonishment. Then I rose from my chair in all my native dignity, and confronted the young person.

"Do you mean me to suppose," said I, "that you, who have been living here for the last week like any lady in the land, dressing yourself out as, by-the-bye, no lady *would* dress, flaunting about on the Parade, pushing yourself in and out everywhere, and generally behaving as if you were as high and mighty as Pharaoh's daughter—that you actually came out of a kitchen and want to enter another?"

The poor thing began to cry. "I didn't mean no 'arm, Ma'am," she sobbed out. "I saved my money for it, and come along with my brother Bill and his wife, I did. One must have a bit of change sometimes."

I repeated her words slowly and sadly. "One must have a bit of change sometimes." Ah! that's just what it is—that's the very thing that's spoiling all your servants of the present day. Never know when you're well off, but always wanting 'a bit of change.' Saved your money for it, did you? You poor thing! Don't you think the time may come when you'll wish you had saved it for something better? Why, there are servants and servants about Fearnley who have married and made comfortable homes with their savings. Do you suppose they could have done *that* if they had wanted 'a bit of change' every year? And there are others who have *not* married, and who live with me still, as God grant they long may, for my home is their home, and every one of them is a friend to me, and knows I'm a friend to him or her. Do you think I should feel the same towards them if they had been thrusting themselves out of their station in life, and making fools of themselves as you have done? I've no patience with such doings, I can tell you. No, Miss Spawm, you

will not suit my establishment by any means. There! go along with you."

The girl had not another word to say for herself, but crept out of the room greatly subdued, and in another hour she and her charming relatives had left the place.

Soon after this I began to feel that my health was suffering from want of fresh air, for I could not walk far, and, after the experiences which I had undergone, I do not think that anything would have induced me to enter a carriage or trust myself to the mercies of a bath-chair in F—. Under these circumstances my niece suggested that we should go out in a boat, and I rather caught at the idea. I thought Staines would be pleased, since (as I have mentioned before) many of her relations were in the navy, so I disclosed the plan to her the same evening, as she was putting me to bed. The effect was not exactly according to my anticipations.

"Going in a boat, Ma'am!" she exclaimed in a tone of disgust.

"Yes, Staines. And pray why not?"

"Only that it will spoil all your clothes, Ma'am, for certain."

"Not at all. I shall wear my grey satin cloak and drawn-silk bonnet."

"Then, Ma'am, you'll never be able to wear them again."

"Why not, pray?"

"Oh, Ma'am, the sea gets into everything silk and sating, and spiles them for ever."

"Then the straw bonnet with white ribbon and the old brown silk?"

"That's silk and sating too, Ma'am."

"Then give me the old black bonnet, can't ye?"

"If I do, Ma'am, you'll come back stone blind. There was my mother's aunt went to sea in a black bonnet, Ma'am, and her eyes never got over it to her dying day. They was all speckled when she come in, and next day she went blind."

Now, Staines is a good woman. She has lived with me for eight years, and never made any mistake but once at Danbridge Castle, when she brought away young George Danbridge's false whiskers instead of my front; and I am pretty much in the habit of letting her manage my dress; so that I was rather put out by her opposition. I spoke sharply.

"Bless the woman! What am I to wear? I'm going in a boat, that's certain; and you are to find me something fit to go in."

Staines made no reply, though I thought there was more of vinegar than sugar in her countenance that night. But when I went to my room next day to dress for our marine excursion what should I see on the bed but two large brown straw hats with neat bonnet-caps sewn inside. My cloak, gloves, and boots were put out too; but no bonnet.

"Staines!" said I, knocking my stick upon the floor. In came Staines, looking very demure. "What's the meaning of this," asked I, poking the hats with my stick.

"Your hats, Ma'am—come on approbation."

"My hats, woman? Do you suppose I'm going to take to wearing hats at *my* time of life?"

"Don't know, Ma'am, I'm sure."

"Don't know! But it's your business to know!"

"Everybody as goes in a boat wears 'em now, Ma'am."

"I don't care what everybody does! Here, throw the hats out of the window, and bring me a bonnet!"

"Very sorry, Ma'am; but I can't."

"Can't, woman, what on earth d'ye mean?"

"The strings is off the straw, Ma'am, and the sating's damp in the crown from the rain dripping in last night."

"Then bring me the black."

Staines pressed up her mouth tighter than ever, and brought it without a word. Now, if there is one thing which I dread more than another it is the loss of sight, and do what I could, I could not get the woman with speckles on her eyes out of my head. I turned the bonnet over this way and that, while Staines watched me like a cat all the time.

"Are you sure about that unfortunate mother's aunt of yours, Staines?" I said at last.

"Yes, Ma'am, certain sure. I see her poor sightless eyeballs myself."

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" exclaimed Mary at this moment, bursting into the room. "It is so lovely! Are you nearly ready?" Then, catching sight of the bonnet on my head, she went on all in the same breath, "Don't wear a black bonnet in this sun, Aunt dear; your skin will be scorched off your face!"

Staines uttered a prolonged and most expressive "Ah!" as she took up one of the hats and twisted it artistically in her hands.

"That, Aunt Jane!" cried Mary. "You're never going to wear a hat?"

"And why not, pray?" demanded I, for between the two I was really becoming exceedingly bothered. "And why not? You are hard to please, niece Mary."

"Well, don't reproach me with being 'fast' again, that's all!" replied the girl, shrugging her shoulders. A bright thought struck me—I would have my revenge on both.

"You are sure about the eyes, Staines?"

"Quite, quite sure, Ma'am."

"And this is really the only bonnet fit to wear?"



I must have been a curious figure indeed, now I come to think of it, in a white petticoat, with no shoes, and a broad-brimmed hat, and all the rabble of the town gazing and shouting at me as if I were a wild rhinoceros.

. AUNT JANE AT THE SEASIDE.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Very well, give me the hat, then."

Staines brought it with alacrity, remarking with altered manner and cheerful voice, "There was a bishop's lady in the shop a-buying just such another to cross to France in a lady double your age, Ma'am."

I tied it firmly on my head. Mary looked on aghast, but for once I was determined to have my own way. "I shall want you, Staines. Get ready as fast as you can: I can't go without you." Staines was delighted and hastened to obey. When she appeared, dressed for the expedition, I glanced my eye over her little thin figure. It was as I expected. Her bonnet was black. I pointed to it.

"That won't do, Staines. I can't have your eyes speckling and you going blind."

Her face fell. "I've no other bonnet, Ma'am."

"Then off with that and put on the other hat. I make you a present of it."

"I, Ma'am?"

"Yes, you! Why not? The sun won't hurt your eyes more than mine, eh?"

There was a moment's silence. Mary's eyes were dancing and her lips trembling with suppressed laughter as poor Staines, considerably crestfallen, slowly untied her neat bonnet and buried her thin face under the huge sides of the big hat. I surveyed her critically, and then, taking Mary's arm, left the room and descended the staircase. I fancy we were a curious pair, and Mary seemed glad when we were fairly off, though nobody took any notice of us except the man who belonged to the dog. He was standing at the door, and Mary got very red when she saw that we must pass close by him, but he merely raised his hat as we went by.

Over what followed I must really draw a veil. It is too dreadful to think of, more to relate. My nautical experience of fifty years back (for I had once before been in a boat—on a pond) stood me in little stead; and, to use a common but expressive phrase, I was as sick as a cat. The worst of it was, too, that it did not come on until we were some way from the shore, and I had to endure agonies unspeakable during the return. It was but little comfort to me that my niece was perfectly well the whole time, though all Staines's naval relations did not prevent her from being every bit as bad as I was, and but for the boatman I really believe she would have jumped overboard from sheer misery. To add to our disasters, a heavy shower of rain came on, which drenched us to the skin, and when at length we were landed, both I and my maid were really more dead than alive. I was alive enough, though, to remark the man and his dog again, and to observe that he was very busy helping my niece, who didn't want help at all.

Staines speedily recovered, but I felt the effects of my "pleasure trip" for hours to come. They laid me down upon the sofa in such a state that I really expected to die every minute, and only wanted to get dry and tidy first. They took off my cloak and gown, and then Staines must needs get the strings of my hat into such a knot that I knew there was no undoing it to be hoped for, so being quite worn out with all I had gone through, laid my head back, hat and all, and refused to move. Then Mary put a large shawl over me, and went to fetch a cup of tea; while Staines also departed, probably to look after her own comforts, and to narrate our adventures to other ladies' maids of less nautical experience.

As soon as I was left alone I went off into a kind of dozy, dreamy state, halfway between waking and sleeping, being really too much exhausted to sleep, and yet too weak to keep wide awake. While I was in this condition I was aroused by a shout—then another and another, until it really seemed as if everybody in the square was joining in a chorus of sound which was neither composing nor musical. I sat up and listened; the shouts came nearer, and they appeared to my bewildered ears and confused understanding to be the cries of persons in an angry and excited state. I struggled up from my sofa, and managed to get to the window in order to see what was the matter. There I saw, coming up through the square, a mob of young men and boys, driving before them a poor little white dog, as like my Puff as two peas, with a tin kettle tied round its neck, after which they were yelling and shouting like so many demons.

No, cruelty is a thing I never could endure, and, moreover, in my dreamy, only half-awake condition, took it into my head that it was really my own dear little Puff that was being thus persecuted, although if I had been able to collect my ideas I should have known well enough that the precious creature was safe and sound at Fearnley Manor-house. I snatched up my stick without a moment's delay, and forgetting, in my anger and excitement, that I had nothing on but a broad-brimmed straw hat and a petticoat (for the shawl had slipped off my shoulders and fallen on the ground) I waddled down to the front door as

well as I was able, and threw it hastily open just as the crowd was approaching our part of the square. The dog was nearly opposite as I did so, and whether or no the poor little animal instinctively recognised a friend I cannot say, but he immediately turned his head towards our door, and in another moment rushed, tin kettle and all, into my arms. Immediately upon this, the crowd set up such a shriek of howling and laughing as nearly deafened me, and had the effect of bringing every dweller in the square to his or her window under the belief that there must at least be either an earthquake or a revolution. Mary and Staines, the landlady, and all the lodgers, including the man with the dog, were aroused by the unusual noise, and came rushing downstairs to ascertain the cause.

By this time I had somewhat recovered my senses, and should have been ready to drop down with shame and affright, only that I was down already, trying to undo the string which fastened the tin kettle to the poor little victim who had sought succour in my arms. I must have been a curious figure indeed, now I come to think of it, in a white petticoat, made low, with short sleeves, with no shoes, and a broad-brimmed hat, and all the rabble of the town gazing and shouting at me as if I were a wild rhinoceros broke loose from the Zoological Gardens, and palpably dangerous to the general community.



Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

THE FALLS OF FOYERS, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

"Aunt Jane, Aunt Jane!" exclaimed my astonished niece, trying to draw me in. "What are you about? Do come to your room at once. What are you doing?"

"That I can't tell you, my dear, for I don't know myself. Don't ask me. It's all your fault for bringing me to this mad place. Here, somebody give me a knife. Thank you, Mr. Dog Man, or whatever your name may be"—for as I spoke he had severed the string with one sharp stroke, the little dog ran into the house and hid I don't know where, and at the same moment I was pulled back into the passage and the front door shut.

"Well," said Mary, half laughing, half crying, as she helped me back again on to the sofa. "This is pretty well, Aunt Jane. You, who are so particular, and generally can't move without help, running downstairs and facing the whole mob of the town. Talk of my being 'fast,' indeed! I never played such an extraordinary trick in my life. I tell you what, Auntie, I won't be responsible for you any longer. We'll go home to-morrow."

And so we did. For I took her at her word, and was only too glad to do so. Seaside visiting may be a very pleasant thing for those who like it, but it's my opinion that they must be people who have either got no homes of their own, or no power of enjoying them if they have. If a person is deaf, so that no noise troubles her; if her nose is so insensible to unpleasant odours that they have no effect upon her; if she can manage to be as comfortable when tossing in a horrible boat as when quietly on land; and if

she does not happen to mind being shaken to a jelly in a jolting fly, or run away with by a mad bath-chair; if any lady of my acquaintance is thus circumstanced as to her tastes and feelings, let her by all means enjoy herself at the seaside as soon and as often as possible. For my part, the quiet and comforts of Fearnley suit me infinitely better, and I hope not to be tempted thence again while I live.

Before many weeks had passed over my head a new light was thrown upon the whole business by an occurrence with which I feel bound to make my readers acquainted, and I wonder whether they will be as much astonished at it as I was.

It was not above a month after our return from the sea that Mary burst into the room one morning in her usual would-be juvenile way.

"Aunt Jane! I'm going to be married!"

"What! this minute?"

"No, no, some day—in the course of time."

"Ah, Mary! so I thought once upon a time."

"Well, Auntie! but I'm engaged, you know."

"No. I didn't know, my dear—but so was I."

"No! Aunt Jane. Were you really though? How funny!"

"Yes, niece Mary, I was really, and nobody thought it particularly funny. It came to nothing, though, and so may yours, if you've any luck."

"But I don't want any luck of that kind, Aunt Jane!"

"I dare say not. I dare say you think so now; we never know what is best for us."

To cut a long story short, however, the girl had no luck of that sort, for she went home to her father's house and was married from thence within six weeks after this conversation. Mary's father was my sister's husband, and being not by any means too well off, and with a large family, had always been willing that Mary should pay me long visits, and that is how I came to see so much of the girl. I could not make up my mind to go to the wedding, such things being not much in my way, and to my thinking very wearisome, and somehow or other I never could manage to have the gentleman introduced to me until after the wedding, although I heard a good deal about him, and how that he had a nice place down in a Midland county, and that Mary was sure to be very happy, although nice places don't make happiness, let them be where they will. But when the two were safely married and going about on their wedding tour, the girl wrote and asked if she might bring her husband to Fearnley Manor-house, and introduce him to dear Aunt Jane. Of course I said she might do so by all means, and on the appointed day their carriage drove up to the door, and the husband and wife were ushered into my sitting-room together. I got up from my chair to give them a kind welcome, but I never gave it. As soon as I set eyes on the man I stopped short, looked from him to Mary, and then said—

"So that's what you took me to Hanslip for! Humph! Where's the dog?"

And they both burst out laughing like a couple of fools. Mary's husband was the man that belonged to the dog, and, of course, I saw the whole story as plain as a pikestaff from that moment. If the girl had but told me, I declare I would rather have had the man at Fearnley, and let them carry on their nonsense there, than have gone through that dreadful time at the seaside. However, it was all done and finished now, and of the three—

Mary, her husband, and Rover—I really think the last behaved the best all through. He was a fine fellow, and I soon made friends with him. Before long, no doubt, the happy couple will take it into their heads to go to New Zealand or the Fiji Islands for change of air, and I shall then offer to take charge of Rover. But if I had fifty nieces (which I am thankful to say I haven't, nor yet the half of them) there's no'er a one should ever tempt me again to a visit to the seaside.

THE FALLS OF FOYERS.

The destruction of the Falls of Foyers is an object-lesson in that power of commerce to mutilate natural scenery which Ruskin long ago deprecated. The Falls are two cataracts near the mouth of the Foyers River, Inverness-shire, which falls into Loch Ness. By far the finest cascades in the kingdom, the upper fall has a leap of forty feet, and the lower of 165 feet. The surrounding scenery is exceedingly romantic, and the place has long been a favourite resort of the tourist. Workmen are now employed in making a tunnel from a point above the upper fall to a point below the lower one; and through this channel the waters of the river will be conducted for the purpose of manufacturing aluminium by means of electricity. What is worse, the proposed factory will emit hydro-fluoric acid gas, which will, of course, be destructive to the vegetation of the neighbourhood.

HOSTILITIES WITH ARABS ON THE COAST OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

Sketches by Captain F. S. Dugmore, R.N.R.

H.M.S. Magpie.

H.M.S. Swallow.

H.M.S. Racoon.

H.M.S. Phoebe.

THE BRITISH SQUADRON ON JUNE 15, THE EVENING BEFORE THE ATTACK ON GUNJORA, ON THE KILIFI RIVER.

The British naval and military forces on the coast of East Africa were lately employed in a demonstration against a hostile Arab chief, named Mbaraka, at a place called Takka-ungu, and at Gunjora, up the Kilifi River. He and his confederates or followers in that district had risen in opposition to the British Protectorate and to the sovereignty of the Sultan of Zanzibar. The Consul-General at Zanzibar, Mr. A. H. Hardinge, and General Sir Lloyd Matthews, the Sultan's Prime

Minister, had endeavoured in vain to obtain a peaceful settlement. It was, therefore, necessary to use force in order to reduce the insurgents; and an expedition, conveyed in a flotilla of twenty-seven boats, detached from the four British war-ships lying in the estuary, was sent up the river, under the command of Captain Mac-Gill, R.N. The Consular staff occupied an encampment at Takku-ungu, from which place the Arabs had retreated, while the boats conveyed the armed force up to Gunjora.

Its appearance and action there proved speedily effectual in bringing the enemy to a more submissive disposition. The Arabs did not relish fighting with 300 British sailors, aided by three machine-guns and by 350 natives or Soudanese. Negotiations were opened which lasted several days, and the object of the demonstration was accomplished. We are indebted to Captain F. S. Dugmore, late of the 64th Regiment, and a lieutenant of the Royal Naval Reserve, at Lamu, for the Illustrations herewith presented.



THE FORT AT TAKKA-UNGU, OCCUPIED BY THE CONSULAR STAFF DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS.

THE LITERARY HACK.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The extremes of literary hackdom were occupied by Ned Purdon and Mr. Arthur Pendennis. As to Purdon, everyone remembers (yet it may be prudent to remind some) that—

He long was a bookseller's hack;
He lived such a damnable life in this world,
That I don't think he'll wish to come back.

Mr. Pendennis, on the other hand, was in society, kept a horse, and "could afford" to drink porter from the pewter. Then he became a successful novelist, and had no more cause for anxiety.

Between these extremes comes the author of "Confessions of a Literary Hack" in the *Forum*. This writer, a University man, a Harvard man, was unexpectedly obliged to earn his daily bread. He became a dramatic critic of a newspaper, with a fair salary—say about £700 a year—and he wrote in magazines. He earned nearly £1000 a year; he married; his newspaper changed hands; the new editor knew not Joseph, and the luckless fellow had to live on casual contributions to periodicals. These were often rejected, often ill paid when accepted; but the "cheek was taken out" of the hack. He became humble. He ran about to offices and buttonholed editors. He endured insolence—up to a certain point. He stooped to be the ceaseless manufacturer of "pot-boilers." He wrote "short stories," though he says that he makes no hand of "short stories." Probably his are among the many which cause the English reader of an American magazine to marvel over this enigma—"Why are they printed, and who reads them?" The heavy and the weary weight of a bad American short story is very grievous. One does not care for the people, whether they are black, brown, yellow, red, whether they are Tennesseans, or Chinese, or negroes, or members of the F.F.V. or of the most fashionable class in all New York; one does not care about them whether they say "ter" or do not say "ter." Seventy per cent. do say "ter." On reflection, these weary narratives swarm as they do because the demand for short stories is greater than the supply of good ones. Very few people can write short stories well. There is Mr. Kipling—*et après*? However, the article has to be provided, and our friend Mr. Hack produces the article. Thereby he clothes the little Hacks, he sends the eldest boy to Harvard, he arrays Mrs. Hack in silks and satins fine, he keeps the wolf from the door. It is not so bad, and Hack, at sixty, may be able to retire from business. Do not let us, who buy the magazines, and fail to read the short stories, do not let us repine. I have met persons who could not read my own short stories, which, like Mr. Hack, I write with difficulty.

On the whole, Mr. Hack supports his family. In spite of his somewhat morose tone, I am sure he likes hacking better than being "a lawyer," a profession on which he casts a longing eye. *Nom Dé*, I would rather be a hack than a Q.C. or a judge! Man does not live by money-making alone—yet they say that Q.C.'s cling to life, and judges very seldom retire while they can stick to the Bench. We are born to be poets, or anglers, or bowlers, or hacks, or even senior members of the Bar, and we accommodate ourselves to our existence. I had liefer scribble my chat on a lawn than "sit aye ben," as Kingsley's poacher says, in a court of justice, or among a merchant's dismal mahogany furniture, yea, or in an editor's office. How editors keep their health, temper, and five poor wits is a mystery. They bully poor Mr. Hack, they snub him, they hum and haw at his "ideas," they take on official airs; in fact, they do not conduct themselves like gentlemen. These remarks cannot apply to the American editors with whom both Mr. Hack and I are acquainted. But there are many editors, and editors of *weekly papers* (he says) are the worst of all. They hold very insecure seats; one paper (which Mr. Hack mentions) has had seven editors in as many years. It is a restive periodical; nobody can keep his seat in the saddle. Then every successive editor is nervous, irritable, afraid of being *exploité*. This is the darkest side of the life of Mr. Hack. He nearly beat one editor on the nose. That

course of action, indeed, recommends itself, in the circumstances described, to the natural man.

Mr. Hack goes into figures; he talks of rates, and of tariffs of pay. Here one cannot follow him. *Olet!* On the whole, Mr. Hack earns about £1000 per annum, and he thinks that few of his class are more successful. Five



Photo by W. S. Spanton.

A JEWISH ANTIQUITY: MOYSES HALL,
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

thousand dollars do not go far in the United States. Mr. Hack might take to writing Introductions to every reprinted book in English literature. We do that kind of thing more in England.

I was lately asked, by the anonymous representative of a large Philistine firm, to write such an Introduction to a lot of photographs and "letterpress" by someone I never heard of. The glittering lure of £2 was dangled before me. I said, "Thy money perish with thee!" or words to that effect. Then the anonymous one remonstrated. "Did I not write unsigned articles for the *Christian Breadbasket* at so

So he wrote again, and asked me to make him a present of the essay!

Osborne the bookseller was thought the most impudent man of the last century, but these two British editors and publishers might contend with him for that ceramic crown, with which, as Pope says, he "walked contented home." Of course, people of this kind must be taught their place. "Sir, he was insolent, and I beat him," said Dr. Johnson.

MOYSES HALL, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

The town of Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, which is noteworthy for its architectural antiquities, possesses an old building called Moyses Hall, or Moses Hall, in former times a Jewish synagogue. It is now threatened with conversion into a fire-engine station. It dates from the twelfth century, before the expulsion of the Jews from England, and its interior shows some interesting details. Memorials in favour of its preservation have been addressed to the Town Council, in which proceeding Mr. W. S. Spanton, photographer, of Abbeygate Street, has taken an active part; we are indebted to him for a representation of the building. A communication also from some of the leading Jews in the City of London, and from the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, Chief Rabbi, was laid before the Town Council on Aug. 13, and it was decided to reconsider the matter.

THE "WHITE ROSE" OF YORK.

Among the pretty features of the Cowes Regatta in the week of the Royal Yacht Squadron's sailing matches, from Tuesday, Aug. 6, to the Friday, was the appearance of a boat which is owned by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and which is named the *White Rose*, in reference, of course, to the historical association of that flower with the title which he bears, and which was so long in abeyance or disuse before it was conferred upon him. The little vessel, of which we give an illustration, carries plenty of sail, and has good speed for one of her size, but was, of course, not qualified by her rating, scarcely one ton, or by her rig or her sea-going capability, to compete in any of the races, according to the rules and programme of the Yacht Club. As a pleasure-boat for the day's amusement, she was much admired.

A public conference, under the auspices of the Agricultural Guild, was held on Aug. 15, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, to consider the question of establishing, by Act of Parliament, a legal standard of quality in flour and bread. Several medical gentlemen bore testimony to the inferior quality of much of the bread now sold in London, while the advocates of Protection for British farmers insisted on the superiority of English flour to most of that imported from abroad. It was understood that a Bill would be introduced into Parliament on this subject, but not absolutely to prohibit the sale of bread and flour of a lower quality at a cheaper price.

The report of the Committee appointed by Government to consider the project of a railway from Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa, to Uganda has now been issued. The whole length of the line from the sea to the eastern shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza would be 657 miles, and its estimated cost of construction is £1,750,000; its working expenses, with three trains weekly each way, are estimated at £50,000 yearly, or with one train weekly, £40,000 a year. The expected goods traffic, at the rate of £17 a ton, might yield a gross revenue of £60,000 a year; the net

earnings would be about £20,000 a year; and the annual charge for interest on capital £56,000. The financial result would be a loss of about £2500 a year. If the railway were made for the present only so far as Kikuyu, 310 miles from Mombasa, with an improved wagon-road thence to the lake, the capital required would be about £826,000. But the Committee recommend the construction of the railway to the lake, as its natural terminus, and that the work be undertaken by Government on its own account.



Photo by Kirk and Sons, Cowes.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S YACHT, THE "WHITE ROSE."

much each" (I didn't, in fact), "and why would I not write a signed introduction for his photographs?" I told this editor that I could not prolong a discussion with an anonymous stranger. He called me "Dear Mr. Lang." I do not know his name at this hour! Thus there are editors on this side of the sea for whose instruction in manners the small proverbial amount of twopence has not been expended. There was a publisher, too, who offered a derisory cheque for "an Introduction." I said that I had written many Introductions for love, none for such a bribe as his.

THE RETENTION OF CHITRAL.

The determination of the British Indian Government, while leaving the State of Chitral, in the Hindu Kush mountain region north-west of Kashmir and Gilgit, under



Photo by F. Mayo, Sergeant R.E.

SHUJA-UL-MULK, THE NEW MEHTAR OF CHITRAL.

the reign of a Mehtar or native Prince entitled to the succession, henceforth to maintain sufficient garrisons there and at several points on the route which was taken by General Sir Robert Lowe's army, connecting Chitral with the Punjab, was recently announced. Sir George Robertson proceeds to Chitral to superintend the arrangements. The garrison of Chitral will be formed of the 2nd Battalion of the 3rd Goorkhas and the 27th Punjab Infantry, with two mountain guns and two Maxim guns; the latter, a mule battery, manned by a small detachment from the Devonshire Regiment. These troops are represented in our illustrations. They will hold the road south of Chitral to Kala Darosh, a distance of twenty-five miles. The Khan of Dir will guard the road between that station and Chak-dara, on the north bank of the Swat River; and the nearer section of the route, with the Malakand Pass, will be occupied by British

or Indian troops. Colonel Hutchinson is to be the commander of the Chitral garrison, while the Malakand Pass brigade will be under the command of General Waterfield. It is estimated that the total cost of this military establishment may amount to an annual charge of £250,000; but instead of raising additional troops for the service in Northern India, some Madras regiments are to be brought to the Punjab, to replace those employed at the Chitral stations.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Our nearest Continental neighbours, from whom we are in the habit of taking many hints with regard to the embellishment of our capital, are contemplating a novel statue-gallery. The Champs Elysées are to be adorned with the effigies in marble or bronze of a hundred great Frenchmen. It will be a kind of open-air Madame Tussaud's, where the urchin on fine days will be able to imbibe the elements of France's history during the last five-and-twenty years; for, unless I am misinformed, the collection is to be mainly, if not exclusively, confined to those men

I am not a very imaginative writer, but this project, I must confess, has exercised my fancy a good deal. I have been wondering what the shades of the great Frenchmen of bygone centuries, and of the living ones whose presentments may happen to be excluded from the coming roofless Walhalla, will have to say to it in those other Elysian Fields. I have been wondering whether they might not, one fine night, leave their own abode, repair *en masse* to the grand promenade stretching between the Marly Horses and the Triumphal Arch, and challenge the occupants of the pedestals to descend until they had justified their occupation.

Neither Voltaire nor Diderot would be of the invading party, for both have their statues elsewhere, and, if anything, are more favoured than they would be in the Champs Elysées. They stand by themselves on the Quai Malaquais, and each gets fifty per cent. of the admiration of the passers-by instead of merely a hundredth share, as they would in the other place.

Louvois and Colbert would, I take it, not seriously attack Tirard. The Finance Ministers of Louis XIV. were men of the world besides clever financiers, and if Tirard explained to them that, in spite of



MAXIM GUNS AND GUNNERS READY FOR ACTION.

of genius whose names have become household words, and who have had their being within the last four or five decades. If a contention arose on the claims to a pedestal between the partisans of Jean Bart and of the late Admiral Courbet, the latter, I suppose, would gain the day; La Pérouse would stand no chance in a contest with Admiral Gervais; Jules Ferry, under similar competitive circumstances, would beat Guizot, though I take it that Thiers will be among the party. They could not very well leave him out, seeing that there is a talk of including M. Tirard.

his crass ignorance, which made him commit the most side-splitting blunders, he—who had begun life as a kind of clerk, which occupation he afterwards changed for a hawk of sham jewellery—finished by being Minister of Finances, and in that capacity managed to lose a hundred millions of francs, which were never found again, they would concede him the right to a pedestal. What, after all, is a French Minister of Finances good for, except to mislay a hundred millions of francs?

The hardest tussle, I take it, would be between the *littérateurs* and poets. Lamartine, who has got a miserable bust somewhere in the solitary glades of Passy; Alfred de Musset, who, as far as I am aware, has no bust or statue anywhere; Balzac, who has been waiting for his these many years—for France, who is rich enough to pay for her military glory, has never deigned to put her hand in her pockets for the greatest fiction-writer that ever lived—these would lead the van. But they would assuredly be granted a place in the Champs Elysées, objects the reader. To which I reply, It is exceedingly doubtful. After all, a hundred statues is not a large number to be divided among so many professions, especially if we consider that the politicians who have made the Third Republic what it is—namely, a byword in the civilised world—will claim pretty well a third part of that number. I could name straight off a dozen lawyers of genius who are entitled to a statue in the Champs Elysées, but the Republican bigwigs, we may be sure, will only select those who were well-affected towards them. Berryer will be ousted in favour of Favre and Crémieux, just as Dumas *fils* is likely to be ousted in favour of Bornier, or, worse still, of a group representing Eckmann-Chatrian. For the author of "Dénise" and "Francillon" is not a Republican; the authors of "L'Ami Fritz," "Les Rantzau," and "L'Invasion" were.

For the same reasons Ernest Renan's claims are likely to be disregarded, and Taine will meet with the same fate. Taxile Delord will take his place. As for Chateaubriand, he will not be so much as thought of. What has the author of "Le Génie du Christianisme" to do with a régime that proclaimed the clergy to be its enemy? I need not pursue my argument. If the project becomes a *fait accompli*, the reader will find that, however deficient in fancy, I was, at any rate, a good prophet in that respect.



MAXIM GUN DETACHMENT OF THE DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT: MULES SHOWING THE OFF AND NEAR SIDE LOADS.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



TAKING DOWN HAMMOCKS OFF THE RIDGE-ROPE.



SKETCH IN THE TORPEDO-ROOM.



AFTER EVENING QUARTERS, ON THE UPPER DECK.



NAVAL RESERVE MEN AT DRILL ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. "REPULSE."



STEAM TACTICS: SKETCHED FROM THE AFTER-BRIDGE OF H.M.S. "REPULSE."

A VISIT TO TAFILET.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

V.—DADS TO TAFILET.

My stay at Dads extended to four days, and, anxious as I was to push on to Tafilet, the time passed very pleasantly. I had become so used to keeping up my disguise that I found it no exertion at all to do so, and though I did not attend prayers five times a day, as good Moslems are supposed to do, I generally made a point of praying at sunset. So hospitable and kindly were the people of the place, so much was I, as a stranger, fêted, and so merrily did we pass our evenings over the sweet green tea, that I verily believe that had the Dads people discovered me to be a European I should have suffered little at their hands. With one or two of the younger men I became real friends, and many a pleasant hour we spent in the gardens or by the river-side, gossiping on all kinds of subjects, from the deeply religious to the most trivial. A nicer set of men I never came across, but as few Dads men ever appear in the more civilised (!) parts of Morocco, some description of their personal appearance may be excused. As a rule, in spite of their most simple living, they are very finely made and exceedingly handsome. The skin is whiter and more transparent than that of the Arabs, and the complexion much healthier in hue. The eyes are dark and long, the eyebrows well defined. The nose, as a rule, is straight or aquiline, and narrow, the mouth refined and well shaped. The moustache is shaved off, and a small beard left at the point of the chin, which is continued up either jaw in a fine line of closely cropped hair. Altogether it would be difficult to find all the world over a more refined and handsome type of men. Nor do their looks belie their characters, which, contrary to the Arabs', are moral, trustworthy, and trusting, kind in peace and brave in war. In spite of the dark eyes and small black beard, the men are so fair that they seem never to have been exposed to the fierce sun of summer. The Shercefs of Dads vary, however, very much in type, in many cases there being a strong mixture of Arab and sometimes of negro blood, spoiling any native beauty they may have possessed. This fact is probably owing to their being, as a rule, better off in worldly goods than their neighbours, and thus able to afford the luxury of black slave-women, whence the negro taint.

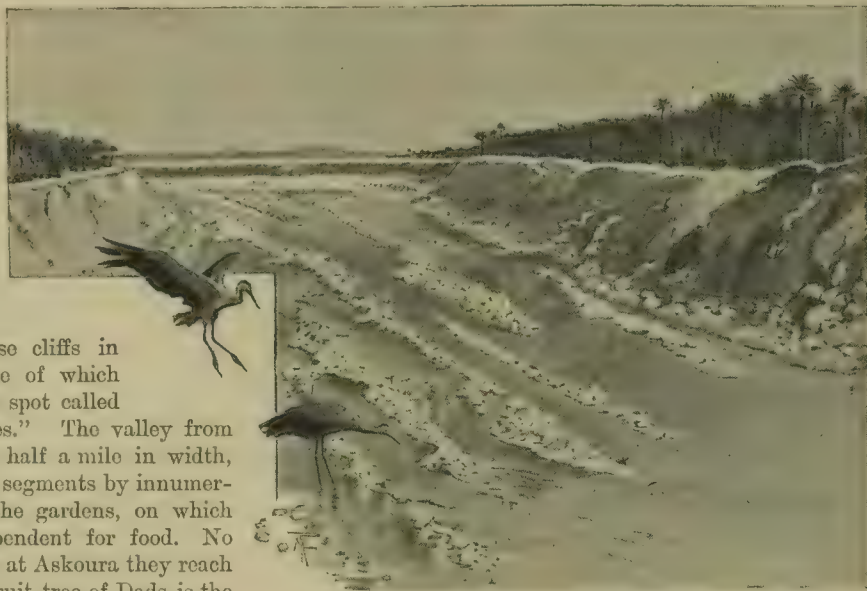
Life is very simple in the Dads "ksour," and very homely. The great tall "tabia" houses are given over almost entirely to the women; while the men reside in small mud-brick "minzahs," or rooms built on the roofs, whence, as the Arabic word implies, a view is to be obtained. Contrary to good Moslem habits, the women are not veiled, and go to and

most important. Strategically their position is a strong one, as they hold both banks of the Wad Dads from where it issues from the Atlas Mountains to where it reaches the Anti-Atlas at Ait Yahai, the tribeland extending in all some thirty miles north and south. From this it will be seen that they completely command the roads from Morocco to the East, and being a strong and powerful tribe, able to turn out some five thousand armed men, they entirely dominate the surrounding districts, which are obliged to allow it on account of keeping the road open for their trade.

The villages, of which there are a great number, are scattered along both banks of the river, some near the water's edge among the gardens; others, again, on the cliffs above. These cliffs in places are fretted with caves, some of which are still inhabited—notably at one spot called Ait Iferi—"the sons of the caves." The valley from cliff to cliff averages rather over half a mile in width, the whole of which is cut up into segments by innumerable small canals, which irrigate the gardens, on which the district of Dads is entirely dependent for food. No palms grow here, though so near as Askoura they reach great perfection, and the principal fruit-tree of Dads is the fig, the fruit of which is dried on the housetops in the sun, and eaten dry: so dry, in fact, do they become by this process that they often require pounding with a stone before they can be eaten. These figs and turnips and ground maize constitute the entire nourishment of the people, meat being a rare luxury, and only procurable at the two large weekly markets.

From Dads began the hardships of my journey. Up to this spot I had ridden comfortably on a pack mule, but here all was to be changed, for the old Sherceef had carried out his bargain, and brought me to his home, and I was to make the best of my way on alone. However, the services of a man from the place were requisitioned, and a fine fellow he was, and well did he carry out his work. We decided, upon consideration, to leave our two mules behind, for in spite of the fact that the Sultan was at Tafilet, the road ahead of us was said to be swarming with robbers, mostly the runaway starving soldiers of his Shereefian Majesty's army. Therefore, the less we had to lose the less likely were we to come to grief, so I determined only to take a donkey on with me, and no baggage of any sort, except a rug, a tea-pot, two small

this disclosure he was intensely amused and rather surprised, for although Dads has once before been visited by a European, the Baron de Foucauld, and shortly before my coming, Kaid Maclean, an officer in the Sultan's army, passed through, with a strong guard of soldiers, to join the Sultan at Tafilet, my new-found friend, like over ninety-



WAD GHERIS.

nine per cent. of his countrymen, had never set eyes on a Christian before, and was, I think, rather surprised to find how exceedingly like any other human being the genus is. After I had confided my identity to him, he became even more friendly than before, and insisted on sharing with me, during the cold nights that we slept out in the open, his warm cloak.

A quick walk of some four hours sufficed to take us across the weary plain of Anbed, where we saw gazelle and mufion feeding, a tempting sight for a rifle-less sportsman, and entered the tribeland of Imiteghr, where are a few dreary villages situated on the banks of the river of that name, a tributary of the Wad Todghrá, near the banks of which we were eventually to travel for a couple of days. Pushing on with all possible speed, driving our little donkeys before us, we camped for the night in a "Zaouia," or "sacred precincts" of the family of the Shercefs of Mulai Ibrahim, where we were kindly received and comfortably housed in the Mosque. After well attended evening prayers, we all supped together in the little mosque, and it was late, tired and weary as we were, before we lay down on the hard stone floor to sleep. I could not help thinking of what would happen suppose I were discovered. When, even in civilised Tangier, no Christian can enter the mosques at peril of his life, how much more certain would be my fate in this fanatical out-of-the-way corner of Morocco, where no punishment could reach the perpetrators of the act! Yet so satisfactory had been my success as a native all along the road that I felt no anxiety whatever, and slept on the rough hard stones as well as I had ever done in the softest of beds.

When the sun rose the following morning we were threading our way through a gorge known as Imin Erkilim, a mile or so in length, and closed in on both sides by cliffs. Emerging at the village of Ait Kanifen, renowned for their depredations upon passing caravans, we breakfasted in the luxuriant palm groves of Tiluin. True, we had only dried figs and some thin black barley bread to eat. The gardens of Tiluin, with their village pleasantly situated in the midst, are almost one with the oasis of Todghrá, the great extent of which we could see stretching away to the north. It is here that the Imiteghr, the river we had been following, flows into the Wad Todghrá, which eventually reaches Tafilet, to be exhausted by irrigation, and end its existence in the surrounding desert sands. An hour or so later we passed Tabsibast, a small high-walled village, and emerged from its gardens upon the dreary plain, which extends thence to Ferkla. It was a long and weary march, nearer forty miles than thirty, and under twelve hours of daylight to do it in, but we hurried along and reached Ferkla just after sunset. Our way led through the extensive palm groves, among walled gardens, the path continually crossing the irrigating canals by little bridges, until the large village of Asrir, the residence of one of the three elected sheikhs of Ferkla, was reached. Entering the place we wandered about by narrow streets seeking shelter for the night, which we eventually found in a "fondak," or caravanserai. There was but little room in the place, for it was crowded by all sorts and conditions of men. Jews there were, and Berbers and Arabs, all apparently squabbling and gesticulating over the purchase of grain for their caravan animals. Tying up our donkeys to a pillar which supported the roof of a rough gallery running round the enclosed fondak, we managed to obtain a space sufficient for our little party near a big clay oven, where a number of Haratin from Wad Draa were cooking "shoua"—boiled mutton—for whoever chose to purchase it. Needless to say that we were among the number, and



RUINED BRIDGE ON THE ROAD TO TAFILET.

fro in the streets chatting with the men, who enter the houses freely, there being none of the jealous restraint noticeable among the Arabs. However, the woman's lot is rather that of a beast of burden, for all the manual labour is performed by her, even some of the digging in the gardens, besides her household duties. Very few men marry more than one wife. What, however, is most pleasing about the Dads people is their cleanliness. It is seldom that one sees either man or woman in dirty clothes; as seldom, in fact, as is the contrary elsewhere. The women wear entirely the "khent," or indigo blue cotton, and stain their faces with henna and blacken their eyes with antimony, in spite of which disfigurements they are often exceedingly pretty.

Dads is one of the largest districts on the south side of the Atlas Mountains, and after Tafilet perhaps the

cups, and a tray and a saucepan, and some barley-bread. And with this scanty provision for a trudge through desert of over a hundred miles, we started before dawn from Dads on Nov. 13 last. My companions consisted now only of our new-found guide—a typical Berber, in his long black cloak, one of the nephews of the old Shereef, my rifi, a negro, and myself, with my donkey and one belonging to one of our men. However, we started in the highest of spirits, all thoroughly entering into the zest of the undertaking, except our new man, who had not the least idea that he was acting as guide to the detested "infidel," until a day or two later when I told him so. At

for some minute sum we obtained a small earthen bowl, a piece of sodden meat and greasy gravy, but it was a veritable feast to us, and with a cup of sweet green tea and some dates to follow, it was a red-letter day in the annals of our travel. We slept comfortably, for the rough roofing above kept the heavy dew off us, while the warmth of the fire was delightful, for the nights were very cold and we had no bedding with us. Before daylight we had left Asrir, for there were many strangers there to whom the appearance of a European, even in disguise, might have been familiar, and the results



SAINT'S TOMB ON THE ROAD TO OUL TOUROUG.

unpleasant. One continues for a time through the luxuriant palm groves, finally to emerge once more into the plain, at this part sparsely covered with thorny scrub. After six hours on the march the road, up to now almost due east, takes a turn to the south, and the picturesque village of Igli, perched high on a rock and dominating the Wad Todghra, which here enters among the mountains of Jibel Saghrrou, is reached. Close by is another village in the level, its name Maroksha. Continuing through the valley, we crossed the river, passed for a time through the verdant gardens of Milaab, by one of the prettiest bits of road we had travelled over during the whole journey. The gardens are situated on flat ground near the river banks, the water of which is drawn off in numberless small streams for the purposes of irrigation. The path, a narrow one, is bounded on either side by two of these canals, in which the limpid water ripples with pleasant music. Beyond these streams to right and left lay the palm groves, a mass of long trunks and feathery heads, with great green leaves shooting out from the roots. Each side of us they formed an avenue, and the whole place, such an appearance of careful culture did it present, more resembled a well-kept botanical garden than an oasis in the Sahara. But unfortunately the track through the gardens was a short one, and we soon found ourselves in the stone-strewn arid valley again. Nothing more desolate could be imagined. The black volcanic peaks of Saghrrou rose in dreary ugliness on all sides, and even the river bed, full of water as it was, presented no sign of vegetation.

Crossing a low range of hills we descended into a vast plain, across which a double range of pink cliffs were visible on the horizon. These I recognised as the highlands that separate the rivers Gheris and Ziz. Turning sharply to the right as we reached the plain, we arrived at the large village of Oul Touroug, a stronghold of the powerful tribe of Ait Atta. The "Ksar," an immense walled village, lies at the north-west corner of the oasis, sloping down from the hills to the plain. Outside the walls are some tall, domed tombs, built of "tabia." But one gate admits you to the place, and this is closed at sunset. Unpacking our scanty baggage from our donkeys' backs, we sought the shelter of the palm-groves until dusk, and entered the "Ksar" in the twilight, the better to escape notice. Passing through the gate, we found ourselves

in a large courtyard, surrounded by tall houses, where was collected a motley crowd of men and animals. Camels, horses, mules, and cows there were, to say nothing of the flocks and herds returning to shelter for the night, while amid them all moved the inhabitants of the place, one and all busy selling food and fodder to the caravan people and soldiers, who were seeking a night's refuge within the walls. In the open air we found a place to tie up our donkeys and stretch ourselves, and having procured what little variety of food the village offered, we cooked our supper. The night was intensely cold, and the heavy dew soaked one's clothing, and it was with intense relief that I saw the grey dawn appear, and knew it was time to be moving on our road.

We had reached the last stage of our journey, and a long and tiring one it was. For twelve miles after leaving Oul Touroug we hurried on over a dreary desert, until, crossing a slight elevation in the otherwise dead level, we entered the oasis of Fezna, green with vegetables and palms, but so long a march still lay before us that we did not rest for breakfast, but hurried on until, near midday, we had reached the important oasis of Jerf, so called from the high cliff which extends from Jibel Saghrrou far into the plain at this spot. Then on again, now and then catching a glimpse of the Wad Gheris, flowing between its high clay banks on our left: here through groves of palms, there by a stony and sandy track, past the "Ksour" of Baouia and Oulad Hanabou, until, at sunset, we crossed the river and sought refuge for the night in the great village of El-Meharza at Sifa, one of the principal strongholds of the Arabs of Tafilet. We had accomplished nearly forty miles in under thirteen hours.

At length our journey was finished, and Tafilet reached. The morrow we should sleep in the camp of the Sultan and be in safety, and enjoy a day or two of well-earned rest. I was tired and weary, and the thought that my goal lay only a few hours' march away was a most pleasant one. El-Meharza is a large "Ksar," probably five hundred yards square, with a deep dry moat protecting it on three sides, the fourth being built immediately above the steep bank of the Wad Gheris. Entering by the huge double gateway we found shelter for the night in a fondak, of which we were almost the only inmates, and so were able to talk freely as to our plans and laugh over the incidents of our journey without any fear of attracting the notice of the inhabitants or strangers to our presence.

At dawn we were off, and crossing the Wad Ziz an hour later, passed the ruins of Medina El-Amara, once the famous city of Sijil Massa, and leaving Abuam and Rissani on our left, with the sok of Mulai Ali Shereef, issued on the east side of the oasis, some three hours after leaving Sifa. Emerging quite suddenly from the palms, we found ourselves confronted by the long lines of white tents of the Sultan's camp, all shimmering and sparkling in the fierce sunlight. It was a curious sight, this great camp pitched in the desert, miles upon miles of tents



OUL TOUROUG.

extending far away to right and left, those in the distance half hidden in the clouds of sand and dust that the movement of men and animals occasioned.

My goal was reached, and lying down in the shade of the palm-trees, which here ended abruptly, I gazed at the scene before me with keen pleasure and satisfaction. My journey was finished, and for the first time I realised how ill and tired I was. I had not had time to think of this before; the excitement and bodily exertion had kept my nerves in a constant state of excitement; but now that there was no longer need of disguise, or of long marches and cold nights spent without shelter, the reaction set in at once, and I began to realise that I could ill have stood another day's marching; and then a feeling of complete prostration came over me. But I had reached Tafilet.

(To be continued.)

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

XX.—THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

Every Girton girl (*vice* Macaulay's schoolboy, retired from overwork)—every Girton girl knows that a well-conducted British oak "spreads its roots as far and wide through the soil beneath as it rears its boughs above toward the air of heaven." Every Girton girl is probably also of opinion that the British oak does this mainly or solely in order to fix itself by firm anchors in the soil—to withstand the battling winds and the constant pull of hostile gravitation. But what every Girton girl does not, perhaps, quite so confidently know is this—that, on the whole, the tips of the roots and the tips of the branches correspond roughly in situation with one another, so that if you were to unearth and expose the entire tree you would find it composed of two tolerably similar domes or hemispheres—one erect and aerial, and one inverted and earthbound, each occupying approximately equal areas, and each circumscribed by fairly equal circles.

Why should this be so? It is clear enough, of course, that in order to fasten a big tree firmly in the ground, it must have numerous large and strong foundations. But wherefore this approximate equality in the areas occupied by roots and frondage? The answer is, because every large tree forms a sort of umbrella, a domed roof or catchment basin for the rain that falls upon it; and it has always its own peculiar and admirably adapted arrangement for conducting all the water it intercepts to certain special spots or drinking-places in the ground, where it gets the roots, and especially the rootlets or absorbent terminals, intended to suck that water up and convey it to the branches. If you stand under an oak-tree during a summer shower—a mode of passive scientific observation for which nature has afforded quite ample opportunities during the last few weeks—you will notice at once that the round mass of its foliage acts exactly like a huge umbrella, and conducts all the rain that falls upon its surface outward and downward towards the circumference of the circle. The drops that alight upon the central and tallest part of the tree are shed by the veined and channelled leaves till they fall off the tips on to the layer immediately below and outside them; this layer again conveys them to the next in order, and so on till at last a little gathering stream drips from the ends of the lowest and longest outward-pointing boughs on to the soil beneath them. The ground in the centre remains perfectly dry, while a circle at the circumference is hollowed into a sort of irregular trench or rude round of tiny pits by the continuous dripping of the collected gutters.

Now, of course the plant wants to utilise to the utmost all the rain it thus intercepts. It would be quite too silly of it to produce rootlets and absorbent terminals in the dry central space covered by the dense umbrella of foliage; but all around the circumference, and especially at the spots just under the runnels where the water drops from the ends of the boughs, exactly as it drops from the rib-points of the silk-and-steel umbrella, the tree develops numerous minute rootlets which suck up the rain as fast as it falls, and convey it by fixed pipes to the leaves and growing-points. Every tree and every large herb is thus a regular and well-organised catchment-basin, with its own mains and services; and it utilises its water-supply by a cunningly adapted system of sucking rootlets, all placed at the exact spots where they will most surely absorb the amount of water that in each case runs down to them. So much is this true that in transplanting trees foresters and nurserymen know well you must lop the roots and the branches so as to cover equal superficial areas, or else the water will not fall on the parts best adapted to receive it; for, just as the lopped branches put forth new leaves and twigs at the point of section, so do the lopped roots put forth new rootlets and absorbent hairs at the place where they are now most urgently needed.

Not every kind of plant, however, manages its water-supply on the self-same system. There are dodges and devices. For herbs with leaves that spring from the root-stock alone, for example, without any visible above-ground stem, two main plans have been very widely adopted. One plan is that invented by plants like rhubarb, which have channelled leaves with grooved leaf-stalks, conducting all the water that falls upon their surface centrally towards the root. This is the centripetal type. Such plants resemble rather a funnel than an umbrella. They have always a straight tap-root, like a carrot; and this tap-root gives off numerous short rootlets on every side, which absorb all the water as it trickles down along the tapering surface of the inverted cone. The other plan—the centrifugal type—is adopted by certain plants with heart-shaped or arrow-shaped leaves, which have round leaf-stalks. In these cases the individual leaves point outward and downward, and the water drips from them not inward towards the centre, but outward towards the circumference. Their principle is rather umbrella-like than funnel-like. To meet this catchment system they have no long and descending tap-root, but just a short knobby root, which gives off long fibres radially in every direction; and these fibres terminate in knots or groups of absorbent rootlets exactly beneath the points where each leaf drips—the knobs or tags of the umbrella, to carry out our convenient metaphor. Examination of other and more complex plants reveals always the action of the same general law: each species has a peculiar catchment system of its own, more or less complicated, by means of which, directly or indirectly, all the water that falls upon its foliage is finally conducted to certain specified spots or drinking-places; and at those specified spots the plant provides beforehand an elaborate system of absorbent organs, exactly sufficient to suck up and utilise the average amount of water it expects to obtain and store at each of them. If London were a plant, now—but hush! I am silent. An editorial frown warns me in time to steer clear of such human and political analogies.

SKETCHES IN MADAGASCAR.

A battle now seems to be impending in Madagascar between the French army, commanded by General Duchesne, and that of the Hova Queen, which holds an entrenched position at Kinajy, on the northern slope of the Ambohimena mountains, between Andriba, to which place the French had advanced, and the Hova capital, the city of Antananarivo. The Hova nation, occupying the central and part of the eastern districts of the large island of Madagascar, is considered to be of Malay origin, and is the only race there which has attained a superficial civilisation, at least, in the city and one or two other towns, where there are many converts to Christianity; while the Sakalavas, to the west, and the Betsimisaraka tribes, in the southern region, are in a wholly barbarous condition. The interior of the country, traversed by steep hill-ranges and covered with forests, is difficult to travel, except on the high road from the seaport of Tamatave to Antananarivo. Not much can be said of the villagers and peasants, who live by cultivating the soil and rearing cattle, under clan or tribe rule, with a few simple handicrafts practised by special classes. Their ordinary appearance, costume, and dwellings are unlike those of the African races, though the importation of slaves by Arab traders has introduced an admixture of Swaheli and other elements from the neighbouring continent. There is much fertile land, and a variety of useful or precious minerals; but the industrial and



MADAGASCAR VILLAGE FOLK.

years ago, the concession of extensive gold-fields; and these he has been working, under a sixty years' lease, by forced labour provided by the Hova Government, the produce of gold being shared between the Hova Govern-

and now Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly. What an array is here!

The English church at Grindelwald, which has risen to replace the structure burnt to the ground two or three years ago, has held crowded congregations during the month of August. The chaplain-in-charge was Dr. Seaver,



NEW CITY GUARDS, ANTANANARIVO.



OLD CITY GUARDS, ANTANANARIVO.



WOMEN OF THE BEZANOZANO TRIBE, MADAGASCAR.

agricultural exploitation of Madagascar, if ever it should be undertaken by the French, will be as difficult, and for a long time as little profitable, as that of Tonkin. On the other hand, the Hova kingdom has not yet made such progress as might have been expected from its official adoption of some external forms of European public life. The capital city, with a population of 128,000, is built upon a steep hill nearly in the centre of the island, 4790 ft. above the sea-level, and 215 miles from the port of Tamatave. Its streets are very rugged and irregular; the houses, mostly of sun-dried brick, stand in walled enclosures. The royal palace is an imposing edifice of yellow stone, 100 ft. long and 120 ft. high, with corner turrets and a peaked roof; it is the principal residence of Queen Ranavalona III. and her husband, Rainilaiarivony, who is also her Prime Minister, almost Regent of the kingdom, and is a man of twice her age. He has held office under three successive Queens, and is esteemed an able statesman. The French Resident, who occupied a fine house, with a guard of seventy-five French soldiers, made demands for concessions and privileges to be enjoyed by his countrymen, which the Hova Government refused to grant. Holding the port of Nossi Bé, on the north-west coast, and one or two other points, the French have gained much influence with the Sakalava population on that side of the island. M. Suberbie obtained, some

ment and M. Suberbie. His establishment has become a small town, called Suberbieville, to which there is access from the seaport of Mojanga by the navigable river Betsiboka and its tributaries; and this is the route by which the French army has entered the interior of Madagascar.

of Holloway, who, preaching on "salt which has lost its savour" gave an interesting account of a visit which he had paid to the salt-mines in Tyrol. On one Sunday at Grindelwald the lessons were read by Mr. S. Gedge, M.P. for Walsall, who could certainly be recommended as an example to clerics who fail to make this portion of the service as impressive as it might be.

Dr. Riordan, the Archbishop of San Francisco, has been on a visit to this country, and returned to the United States on Aug. 17. He has as one of his fellow-voyagers Cardinal Gibbons. The latter prelate has not been heard so often in England as was expected.

The Dean of Windsor will be on duty as domestic chaplain to the Queen for some part of her Majesty's holiday at Balmoral. Both Dr. and Mrs. Eliot are much esteemed by the royal family. It may be remembered that Mrs. Eliot was formerly Maid-of-Honour to the Queen.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes was deeply impressed by the recent deliberations of the Wesleyan Conference. The statesmanlike note which distinguished the debates was particularly remarkable. The Connexion seems delighted with the choice of Dr. Waller as President. Few circuits in the United Kingdom are not acquainted with his burly, manly figure.



A MADAGASCAR VILLAGE.



MEMORIES.—FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

"Thy tuneful strains wake memories."

Reproduced by permission of W. Gillan, Esq.

CHINESE ANTI-CHRISTIAN CARTOONS.

While the recent atrocious massacres in China are still raw in the public memory, there is a peculiar interest in perusing the incendiary literature and cartoons which are undoubtedly the cause of the Chinese religious disturbances such as that which has just terminated so miserably. A book of

facsimile of much of the Chinese incendiary literature which is prepared and published at Hunan and widely disseminated throughout the empire. Handbills, posters, placards, pamphlets of every description are brought from Hunan by the boat-load, and these firebrands of sedition are winked at by the Government, though they are a fruitful and undeniable cause of disturbance and of persecution.

So certain is this, indeed, that in 1891 the reproduction in question was issued, under Christian auspices, "to the thoughtful few," and was entitled "The Cause of the Riots in the Yangtse Valley—A Complete Picture Gallery." "The Complete Picture Gallery," by-the-way, was the Chinese title of the book. It has in Chinese a further designation—namely, "Heresy Exposed in Respectful Obedience to the Sacred Edict," which last, in part at least, forms the text of a remarkable work—of which a translation was published in 1870—"The Deathblow to Corrupt Doctrines." Therein Christians are charged with every abomination; and one notes in the various charges a curious resemblance to those brought against the early Church at Rome: allegations of child-murder, mutilation, uncleanness, and all works of darkness. Those

FEW WORDS AND FAIR.

Poems. By John B. Tabb. (Boston: Copeland and Day). Mr. John B. Tabb has surprised us with twenty admirable little poems, among the hundred and seventy odd pages of his little volume—a little poem to every page. None are altogether unworthy of the twenty, for throughout there is the rare quality of freshness. The author's phrases are all unfatigued, his thought is the true thought that makes its own lively form, his diction simple and distinguished. Some things are too slight, but none are cheap; some too light, but none silly. The twenty, however, are brilliantly beautiful. Here is one—"Sap"—

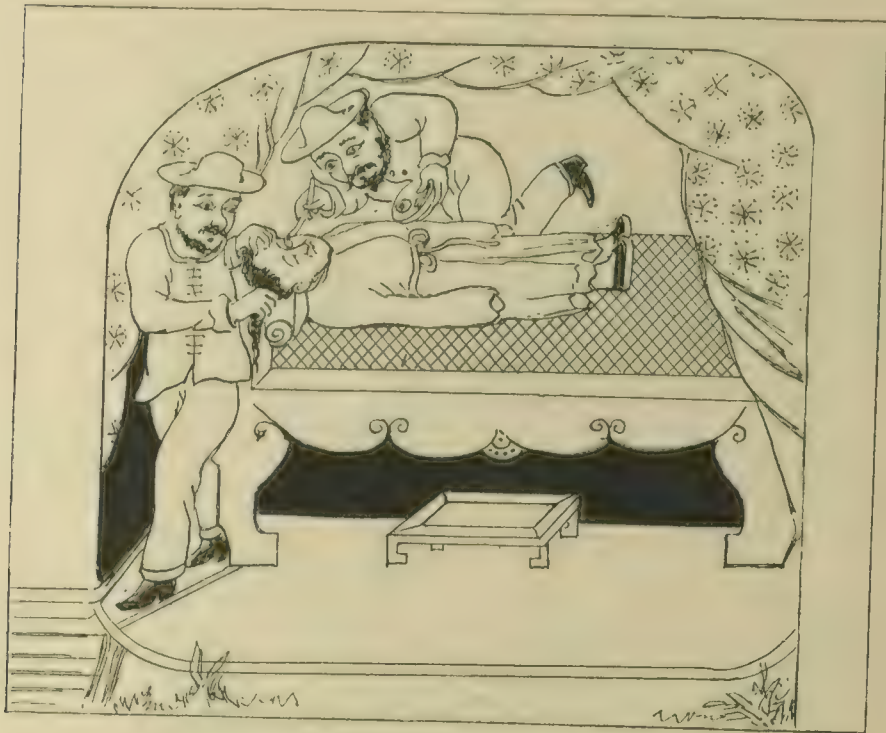
Strong as the sea, and silent as the grave,
It ebbs and flows unseen;
Flooding the earth—a fragrant tidal wave—
With mist of deepening green.

And here another, called "The Playmate"—

Who are thy playmates, boy?
"My favourite is Joy,
Who brings with him his sister, Peace, to stay
The livelong day.
I love them both, but he
Is most to me."

And where thy playmates now,
O man of sober brow?
"Alas! dear Joy, the merriest, is dead.
But I have wed
Peace, and our babe, a boy,
New-born, is Joy."

It will be seen from these that Mr. Tabb has an uncommon sense of form. The motive of the poem is not forced. It is of its own shape, of its own brevity; the word is its own, there is no mere arbitrary construction; the little creation is organic. This difference between a well-built poem and a well-developed poem, though it may sound small, is nothing less than the difference between lifelessness and life. It should be the critic's effort to distinguish things so contrary, and yet dressed so delusively alike to any but a really critical sense. Mr. Tabb's work lives. By-the-way, it would be a good thing if the reviewer should cease to dispute whether



CHINESE ANTI-CHRISTIAN CARTOONS: FIG. 1.

these cartoons, which originally belonged to the murdered missionary, Mr. Stewart, has come under our notice, and we reproduce three of the drawings, perhaps the only three which will bear presentation to the general reader. The first of these (Fig. 1) has a grim significance in the light of the recent atrocities, for it represents the gouging out of eyes. It is the missionaries, however, who are represented as engaged on this pleasant pastime, and the explanatory and inflammatory letterpress accompanying the picture alleges that the agents of Christianity, "the Hog Sect," practise this barbarity on native Chinese converts, because silver can be extracted from lead if the lead is combined with the eyes of Chinamen! On the right of the drawing is a threatening legend to this effect—"You foreigners scoop out the eyes of men, and men will scoop out your eyes."

Fig. 2 is a representation of further atrocities. Along the top runs the title: "The Beating of the Devils and the Burning of the Books." The "devils" are, of course, the foreigners; the books are Christian books. For the rest, the powerful and fantastic *verve* of the picture will explain itself. On the left the books are declared, in language more terse than elegant, to possess an evil savour, which the artist would signify by the precautionary finger and thumb at the nose of those who superintend the burning. In Fig. 3 two foreigners are carrying Christianity, allegorically represented by a hog, to the door of Confucius, who will have nothing of it.

To say that these three cartoons are mild, very mild, compared with the majority of those in the volume is to give no adequate idea of the obscene blasphemy and bigoted misrepresentations with which the drawings positively crawl. The book is an exact

who publish these extraordinary Chinese tracts are, it is affirmed, men of rank and education, who seek by downright falsehood to delude the ignorant masses, too easily swayed by verbal and pictorial lies and blasphemies. Many of the cartoons beggar description; yet it is plain that, given an ill-informed and fanatical public, these pictures are just the very engines wherewith the mob may be most readily incited to work nameless horrors. They are very clever, very subtle, those Chinese *litterati*, and they know their public to a nicety. Yet there is no trade in this literature. All is effected by voluntary subscription. In fact, the cartoons are Chinese "missionary leaflets"—the other way about.

The passenger carriages of the Metropolitan District Railway are about to be fitted, internally, with an apparatus, self-acting, to exhibit the name of the next station at which the train will arrive. This railway is already distinguished by its

useful show-boards on the platforms of the stations, indicating the destination of the next train which is to come in. The company sets an example to others, which in London run various trains, main line and suburban, without even a board on the side, visible from the platform, to show where they are going.

A rough diamond that is likely to prove of great interest has recently been unearthed in South Africa, and is now to be seen at Messrs. Streeter and Co.'s establishment in New Bond Street. The remarkable peculiarity of the stone is that its natural formation, by a strange coincidence, bears a striking resemblance to the lineaments of the noble leader of the Unionist party, with whose permission it has been named the "Salisbury" diamond. Its length from top to bottom is one and a half inches.



CHINESE ANTI-CHRISTIAN CARTOONS: FIG. 3.

a poem would or would not "live," and should attend solely to the question, which is within his competence, whether it *does* "live." The first is a mere bow-wow dispute at the best. For, in the end, a critic's forecast of the future is nothing in the world but his own reflex opinion of the present. That opinion should be more direct, responsible, and intent upon its work. Criticism would then become sensitive to the actual vitality of poetry, and quick to distinguish the simplicity that is important from the other kind. Simplicity may be a divine quality, but its value depends upon the life that is behind it. There have been of late—but, indeed, there have always been—attempts to make simplicity stand alone. Several little volumes just out show simplicity standing alone. Of all futilities, it is then the silliest. It is the simplicity described by the old or rustic dialect that calls the village fool of the high street "simple." Simplicity may have at its back dignity, dream, passion, wit, or many another power, grace, or act of the mind—repose, too, being amongst them—but what there must be is vitality; and yet the fatal absence of vitality passes unnoted, and the insignificant simplicity is praised. Mr. Tabb has the better simplicity amongst his qualities. To have it—with all that it implies—in the highest degree is to be a supreme poet; it is then the Coleridge quality. Mr. Tabb has it in a high degree and is a true poet. He certainly never goes in search of it. He is thoughtful, and thought is complex; and his diction has the art of being to the purpose. A poet, moreover, who has life, having thus the essential, may or may not have imagery. Mr. Tabb's imagery is the whole form of his brief verses, such, for instance, as the imagery of this fine poem, "Is 'thy servant a dog?'"—

So must he be, who, in the crowded street,
Where shameless Sin and flaunting Pleasure meet,
Amid the noisome footprints finds the sweet,
Faint vestige of Thy feet.

Sidney Lanier and Mr. John Tabb are, so far, the most poetical poets who have chanced also to be Americans.



CHINESE ANTI-CHRISTIAN CARTOONS: FIG. 2.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some years ago I drew attention in this column to an observation made by Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh, to the effect that in a certain class of injury to the head—brain-concussion, to wit—the patient, after recovery, could remember nothing which he had done for a certain time prior to the receipt of the blow. This loss of memory for the immediate events of life next the accident, as it were, is susceptible of a rational explanation on the basis of the supposition that the sensations derived from the outer world demand a certain time for their registration on the brain-cells devoted to the memory functions. Or, if we may put the matter popularly, the mental negative takes a certain time to fix and develop itself. The effect of brain-concussion on the events or sensations immediately preceding the accident, may thus be compared to the blurring, spoiling, or obliteration of the photograph altogether.

Dr. Bell has recently placed on record another case of this loss of memory for near events resulting from concussion of the brain. A healthy lad, aged sixteen, was playing Rugby football at quarter. In the course of a scrimmage he received a kick on the head; as a result the boy became unconscious, and remained so for some hours. Other symptoms of brain-injury supervened, but, happily, he recovered completely after some days' illness. Now comes the curious illustration of the memory-lapse. The lad scanned the football papers when he recovered his senses, and was greatly surprised to find that he had played well in the school match at which he received his injuries, "and of which he remembers nothing," says Dr. Bell. More exactly detailed, his loss of memory extends to three hours prior to the occurrence of his accident. Recollection of events within this period is completely lost. It would be interesting if further observations could settle for us some relationship between the extent of injury and the period of forgetfulness. I suspect some such relationship must exist, for a slight concussion presumably would not be attended with the same effect as a more severe accident. But the observations of Dr. Bell are singularly interesting, if only that they demonstrate the fact of a certain interval being required for the due fixation of the most recent impressions our brain-cells have received.

The senses of lower animals, and the range and nature of their sensations, form topics of an extremely interesting kind. What, for example, a beetle or a crayfish sees or hears, and how it sees and hears, is a problem which nothing short of one being a beetle or crayfish (endowed with human powers of self-analysis) is ever likely to solve. We can only gain approximate information regarding the nervous mechanism of lower life in its working aspects, and with this relatively limited amount of knowledge we are forced to be content.

I have been perusing an account of some remarkable observations made on "telepathy" in insects, by Professor C. V. Riley, and detailed in the course of his address as President of the Washington Biological Society. Mr. Riley is arguing that special senses, whereof we are entirely ignorant, are to be ranked among the probable possessions of insects, and in support of his views he adduces an example of deep interest. In 1863, Mr. Riley obtained from the Commissioner of Agriculture eggs of *Samia cynthia*, the Ailanthus silkworm of Japan, which the Commissioner had then recently introduced to America, I presume. Professor Riley was living in Chicago, and in his garden grew two ailanthus trees, which were to afford food for the silkworms. He had every and good reason to believe that there were no other eggs of this species of moth in any part of the country for at least hundreds of miles around Chicago. Accordingly, Mr. Riley reared a number of the larvæ, and carefully watched for the first appearance of the moths from the cocoons. The first moths he kept separate from the others. A female moth was confined in a wicker cage, on one of the ailanthus trees. On the same evening, Mr. Riley took a male moth to another part of Chicago city and let him loose. This moth had a silk thread tied round the base of his tail for purposes of identification. The distance between the liberated male moth and the imprisoned female was at least a mile and a half; but the next morning found the male beside his mate.

Excluding the possibility of error in this experiment—and I confess it appears to my mind to be conclusive in its details—the question arises how could the male *Samia* find his way to his mate in a new locality, and certainly through very strange environments, that mate having been previously unknown to and unseen by him? Mr. Riley seems to indicate that the special sense which guides the moth is of the nature of delicate vibrations. He wisely remarks that no doubt all sensations are of vibratory nature, and concludes that the antennæ, or feelers, of the moths are the organs which exercise the sense in question. In the moths the feelers are large and branched, and their ramifications are well provided with hairs. The feelers vibrate incessantly, Mr. Riley tells us. Those of the female are less complex, but in her like vibrations of the antennæ, connected with like movements of the whole body and wings, are seen to occur.

That which seems probable, therefore, wondrous though it may appear in all its delicacy, is the transmission of the vibrations of the antennæ (and body) of the one moth, through the air, and their reception by the equally sensitive feelers of the other moth. What Mr. Riley has done is to suggest very plainly and forcibly a material explanation of the means of communication at the disposal of the moths. There is nothing inconceivable in the idea that vibrations to which one class of animals are utterly non-responsive should be clearly appreciated by another class. Our own senses are good all-round "gateways of knowledge"; but they are not specially developed. It is this all-roundness which makes them suitable for the service of the life we live. In lower life we find no such high general development; but here and there we find a remarkable specialisation of one or other sense, such as throws the analogous part of our own organisation quite into the background.

CHESS.

L DESANGES.—1. Q to B 8th, P to K 6th; 2. B to B 5th is another way of solving your problem.
C W (Sunbury).—After Black plays 1. K takes Kt, White can continue with 2. Q to Q 8th (ch), etc.
E E.—Thanks for the trouble you have taken.
A C CHALLENGER.—Your three-mover is correct, and it shall appear, if possible, in our next Number.
PROBLEMS received with thanks from Reginald Kelly, Henry A Wood, Rufus, and Dr F Steingass.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2665 and 2666 received from E C Uthoff (Mungindi, Queensland; of Nos. 2673 and 2674 from Dr. A R V Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2677 from C Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.), J W Shaw (Montreal), and Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2678 from T G (Ware), F Leete (Sudbury), C Butcher, jun. (Botesdale), and C M A B; of No. 2679 from J Hall, S Seijas (Barcelona), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H E Lee (Aylsham), J D Tucker (Leeds), J Bailey (Newark), Alexander H Dawson (Huddersfield), and M A Eyre (Boulogne).
THE AUTHOR'S SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2680 received from Hereward, W Wright, E C, Emile Frau (Lyons), W P Hind, P Daly (Clapham), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), T G (Ware), L Desanges, Shadforth, Alpha, Hermit, Dr. F St, H Rodney, W R Raillem, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), M Burke, T Roberts, E E H, C M A B, Dawn, W Droyen, and R Worters (Canterbury). NOTE.—There is no solution to this problem if Black play 1. B to B 7th.

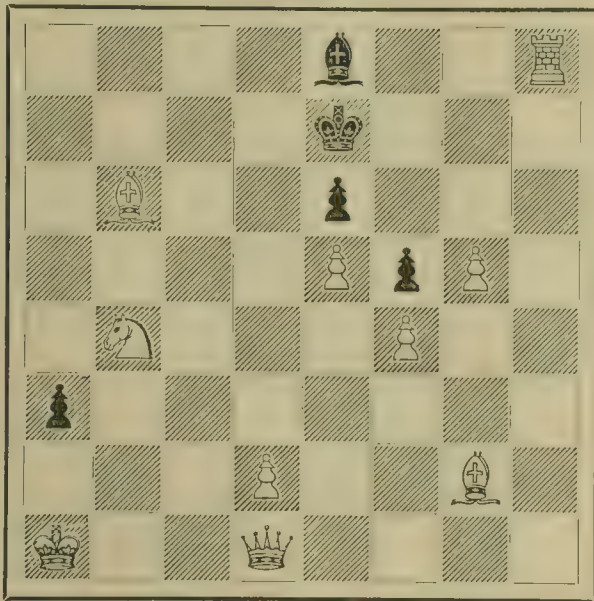
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2679.—By P. G. I. F.

WHITE. 1. R to K R 4th 2. Kt to B 4th (ch) 3. R takes P (mate)
BLACK. P to K 5th K moves
If Black play 1. P to Q 5th, 2. B to B 4th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2682.

By W. PERCY HIND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHES IN HASTINGS.

The two following games were played in the Tournament, the first being between MESSRS. PILLSBURY and TARRASCH.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	26. Kt to B 2nd	
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd		These manoeuvres for position are full of interest.
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	26. R to K B sq	Q to B 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th		27. Kt to K 2nd	P to Kt 5th
			Q to R 5th
It is becoming fashionable to play this Bishop out early and exchange it; but it leaves the Queen's side weak in case of attack.		28. Kt to Kt 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K 2nd	30. R (B 4th) to B 2nd	K to Kt sq
5. R to B sq	Q Kt to Q 2nd	31. Kt to Q B sq	P to B 6th
6. P to K 3rd	Castles	32. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd
8. P takes P	P to Q Kt 3rd	33. P to K R 3rd	P to Q R 4th
We commend the capture, as it is obvious Black is pledged to play B to Kt 2nd. Now the attack from that direction is shut off.		34. Kt to R 2nd	P to R 5th
8. B to Q 3rd	P takes P	35. P to Kt 4th	P takes P
10. Castles	B to Kt 2nd	36. P takes P	R to R sq
11. R to K sq	P to B 4th	37. P to Kt 5th	R to R 6th
12. B to Kt sq	P to B 5th		Black is too eager to gain the weak pawn. He should perhaps have played P takes P, followed by Q to B 3rd. The game has a charming finish.
13. Kt to K 5th	P to Q R 3rd	38. Kt to Kt 4th	B takes P
14. P to K B 4th	P to Kt 4th	39. R to K Kt 2nd	K to R sq
15. Q to B 3rd	R to K sq	40. P takes P	P takes P
	Kt to B sq	41. Kt takes B	R takes Kt
A capital defensive move, providing for any emergency in case of attack on the R P.		42. Kt to R 6th	R to Kt 2nd
16. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 5th	43. R takes R	K takes R
17. B takes B	R takes B	44. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K takes Kt
18. B takes Kt	P takes B	45. K to R sq	Q to Q 4th
19. Q to Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd	46. R to K Kt sq	Q takes B P
20. Kt to Kt 4th	K to R sq	47. Q to R 4th (ch)	Q to R 4th
21. P to B 5th	Q to Q 2nd	48. Q to B 4th (ch)	Q to Kt 4th
22. R to B sq	R to Q sq	49. R takes Q	P takes R
23. R to B 4th	Q to Q 3rd	50. Q to Q 6th (ch)	K to R 4th
24. Q to R 4th	Q R to K sq	51. Q takes Kt	Resigns
25. Kt to B 3rd	B to Q 4th		

Game played between MESSRS. SCHIFFERS and GUNDSBERG.

(Three Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. P to B 4th	P to R 5th
2. P to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. B to B 2nd	P to Kt 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	20. Kt to Q 5th	B to Kt 2nd
		21. P to K R 3rd	P to B 4th
Rather a waste of time, but Mr. Gundsberg was not yet in form. The move prevents White playing B to Kt 5th, however, and is, therefore, not pointless.		22. Q to Q 3rd	P takes P
4. P to K 4th		23. R takes P	R takes R
Obviously the best reply, and taking up the attack at once.		24. Q takes R	Q to B 4th
5. Kt takes P	P takes P	25. Q to K 3rd	
6. B to Q B 4th	K Kt to K 2nd		It is curious to notice that this is the fourth time the Q has been played to K 3rd.
7. B to Kt 3rd	Kt takes Kt	26. K to Kt sq	K to Kt sq
8. Q takes Kt	P to Q 3rd	27. P to B 3rd	R to R 3rd
The idea being P to B 4th, winning a piece.		28. P to Q R 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
9. Q to K 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	29. R P takes P	P takes B P
10. Q to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	30. Q to Q 3rd	P takes P
P to K B 4th is a better move here.		31. Kt takes Q B P	
11. R to B 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd		White has at last found an opening, and proceeds in masterly style.
12. Castles (Q R)	Q to Q 2nd	32. Kt takes K P	B to R 3rd
13. B to Kt 3rd	Castles	33. B to Q 5th	Q to K sq
14. Q to K 3rd	R to K sq	34. P to B 4th	B takes Kt
15. Q to R 7th	Kt to K 2nd	35. P takes B	Kt to K 5th
16. K R to K sq	Kt to B 3rd	36. B to R 7th (ch), and wins	
17. Q to K 3rd	P to K R 4th		There is a speedy mate, whether or not K takes B, and concludes the game in a pretty way.

The Hastings Congress is still the centre of attraction to chess-players, and like other great tournaments, has its full share of surprises and disappointments. One new reputation has been made, although no one who has studied Mr. Pillsbury's games could doubt he was a coming man, while two or three masters seem to give evidence that they have passed their prime. A judicious reticence must, however, be preserved on this point so long as we have the example of Mr. Bird's vigorous play to upset all preconceived notions of the advantage youth has over age—at least as far as chess is concerned.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The distressing massacre of lady missionaries in China has called forth many expressions of opinion that women should not be encouraged by the societies that organise missionary effort to go to such dangerous posts, and happily this view seems, for the present, to be accepted by the societies. Probably, indeed, women missionaries attract special dislike from foreign men, in just the same spirit of masculine domination that actuates Wesleyans here in voting against women members of their Conference. Of course, to the Confucians, the Buddhists, and the Mohammedans, their own religion is as certainly the one and only true revelation from Heaven as Christianity is to the missionary; this may be difficult for us to realise, but it must be realised if the case is to be understood. It is offensive, therefore, for the honest devotee of one of these heathen faiths to hear his religion attacked and described as a baseless, immoral, and evil superstition. It must be doubly offensive to hear his faith so attacked by a foreigner of the inferior sex; while to have his own wife led to think differently from himself by the other woman's persuasions must be additionally exasperating.

This special objection of a man to have heretical teachings addressed to the females of his family, this animosity towards efforts made to place his women in antagonism to him, was naively expressed at the Congress of Religions at Chicago. A really capital paper on Confucianism was contributed by the chief secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington, and even this intelligent person explained that to attempt to convert women to Christianity was equally atrocious with sheltering crime. "If such a practice as giving religious instruction directly to women and girls, or as screening the wicked from the pursuit of justice, be allowed, this will have the effect of driving away all who value filial piety, propriety, sincerity, truth, and rectitude, and who have a sense of shame." The same writer tells us that the husband is recognised in Chinese religion as the master of the wife, in the same degree as heaven is of earth, and the sovereign is of the subject; that the State takes no care for female education, since it rests with the head of each family to do as he pleases with regard to its female members; and that so thoroughly is the responsibility, and therefore the power, of the father and husband carried that the men actually bear the penalty of any offences done by the women! "A woman burning incense in the cloisters shall be punished with stripes, but the punishment is inflicted vicariously—namely, on the head of the family to which she belongs. This principle of the Chinese law is applicable not only to this case, but also to all violations of law in which the offender is a female person." This is truly a lively prospect for the Chinese husbands and fathers! No wonder they require their women to have crippled feet in order that their goings-on may be easily supervised! No wonder that they teach their women a precept of Confucius, that Sir John Bowring thus translated—"A man should never talk about What happens his own home within; But for a woman 'tis a sin To know of what takes place without." This is enough to indicate how particularly objectionable Christian missions specially addressed to Chinese women must seem to the true believer in the national religion, and how hopeless must be the "warfare" to which the missionary societies send Christian women at the peril of their lives.

An interesting visitor to England at present is the leading lady exponent of gymnastics on the Swedish or Ling system in the United States. Miss Maxwell is herself the embodiment of grace and strength combined, and brings intellect as well as physique to the work on which she is an enthusiast. The ideal of gymnastics, according to her, is not to reach a fixed general standard alike in every individual, but simply to develop each personality to its utmost normal point of health and vigour. It is less an object, for instance, to increase the chest measure to a great number of inches than it is to secure that every portion of the lungs shall be expanded to the full. This will tend to increase the breathing capacity, it is true, but, on the contrary, a set of exercises that would increase the size by the tape might leave, after all, the top of the lungs undeveloped. It is there, Miss Maxwell says, that the lungs are least fully exercised by most people, and it is there that consumption almost always first appears. The exercise that she gives to open this part of the chest is but a simple one, consisting of laying the hands on the chest and then throwing them open as wide as possible, and turning them over and back. There is an exercise of the head that will prevent a double chin—that great enemy of the middle-aged woman's beauty. It is to throw the head back on the shoulders as far as possible, and inflate the lungs, and then bring the head up to the tallest possible upright position—the action looks a little like the curving of the swan's neck—keeping the shoulders back and the chin closely in all the time that the head is rising. The Swedish system is not unknown in England; but American women are very thorough in all that they undertake, and the institution that Miss Maxwell represents has, for those who wish to teach afterwards, a two years' course of study, in which are included anatomy, physiology, mechanics and psychology, under the latter head being included the action of the will on nerves and muscles and the effect of certain bodily developments on the mental condition. I do not know where in England a lady teacher of physical science could be thus thoroughly trained, yet there is room for many workers in this new field.

Bicycling is doing much for the physical health and development of women. The "rational" costume has not yet been generally adopted by our fashionable women, as it has by the French women, and there is, therefore, still a demand for a practical and not cumbersome bicycling skirt. Messrs. Peter Robinson have just brought out such a one, called by the name of "Zit-zit." It is cut to sit very close while on the saddle, but has a row of lacings down inside the back that are let loose by a simple movement on dismounting, and then it falls so as not to attract any notice at all. Inside, too, are loose-kilted trousers, so attached to either side of the skirt that they keep down closely to the ankles, notwithstanding the knee action. For ladies who have a great desire to conceal their feet the idea will be serviceable.

SECRECY.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOP.

The British Medical Association has held its annual meeting, and we of the outer world—we "laymen," quod the medical experts—have read the reports of the gathering from day to day. It has been sometimes very hard reading indeed, but on the whole it has been very instructive reading; the lessons to be derived therefrom have been neither few nor unprofitable. In the first place it is becoming plainer and plainer to some of us that of all the learned professions the medical profession has of late years risen higher than any other in the public estimation, and that the status of the medical man is tending to become recognised as entitled to precedence above that of any other class in the community. For myself, I incline to believe that this is inevitable. Why I think so I have not time or space here to explain; but the serious and solemn tone of some of the addresses—Dr. Cleveland's on "Professional Ethics" may be taken as a specimen—indicates pretty clearly that the more thoughtful and earnest men are beginning to see that a new future is opening before the physicians, and that not improbably in another generation or two the medicine man may become something more than the rival of the priest, and that the functions of the one may become more or less merged in the functions of the other. History is always repeating itself; the serpent of time is always swallowing his own tail. That which has been is that which will be, with the very important difference that essential identity never recurs in the same form. What we mean by history repeating itself is that the same needs are always expressing themselves in different modes of action, and the same attempts to satisfy those needs are for ever being made, but never exactly in the same way. Mimicry of the past is always a failure, and a very ridiculous failure.

But if the medicine man of the future should ever come to absorb the priest—by methods which may easily be conceived—it seems to me that the members of the medical profession, among their other rules or counsels for bringing about a severer professional etiquette, will have to emphasise much more sternly, much more earnestly, than they have done hitherto the duty of professional secrecy. There are signs, and ruinous signs, among us that secrecy—by which I mean the faculty of keeping to oneself that which was entrusted to oneself as a sacred deposit never to be made common property—is dying out. What need to dwell on those odious betrayals of sacred confidences that the thousand memoirs and biographies of the last thirty years stand for? "Public men are public property" is a favourite saying nowadays, but it is a saying that has got to mean that public men and all that belongs to them—their sins, their faults, their loves, their inner life, their little ailments and their little weaknesses—are all to be dragged from the darkness and exposed to the eyes of the coarsest and the worst for the wicked to comfort themselves with, and the weak and vicious to chuckle over. These say with a damnable self-complacency, "It's just as we thought! There's nobody better or greater than anyone else. One's as good and as

bad as another." Thanks for thine indignant protest, thou last and greatest of all the Laureates! It is as thou hast said, the cry of thy "carrion vulture" waxes even louder—

Proclaim the faults they would not show;
Break lock and seal; betray the trust;
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.

It is always difficult to estimate the sentiments of a past generation and compare them fairly with those of our contemporaries; but I can hardly be wrong in asserting that professional secrets among the men of law were far more religiously kept, say only at the beginning of the present century, than they are kept now. The family lawyer—I believe he used to be called the family attorney in those days—was generally regarded as the depository of secrets which it was impossible to wring from him. His whole education from the very beginning was directed to inculcate the absolute necessity of never letting the cat out of the bag. As far as the private affairs of his clients were concerned, he was, as a rule, absolutely trustworthy: the mere suspicion of his being get-at-able was enough to ruin him, and he knew it. Is this the rule now, as it was? Of course, among the higher and more conscientious members of the profession the morale is as high as ever; but who of us does not know of men wriggling themselves into a practice, or already possessed of one, whom a wise man would never dream of trusting himself too implicitly, and from whom it would be possible and almost easy to extort any information that he wanted?

It is not very long ago since I heard a base fellow bragging that he had got off a miscreant from the punishment he so richly deserved by inducing him to make a clean breast of it before the trial came on. "There's a case, Sir, which illustrates the wisdom of a criminal telling all his secrets to his solicitor!" "What did you say the scoundrel's name was?" asked a stranger in the railway carriage. The name and all the circumstances were given with the utmost equanimity. The man of law did not seem to understand that after stealing a verdict for a ruffian who deserved hanging—after, as he phrased it, "getting him off"—he had actually betrayed his client.

As for my own profession, I have no wish to make them out better than they are. But there are still remaining among them certain traditions which act to some extent as a check upon their garrulity. There are, I believe, few of us who would deliberately repeat the confidences which young and old have unbosomed to us in their moments of perplexity, distress, or penitence. But in every profession there are fools and knaves and incompetents without any social training—let alone any other training that may be desired—and from these men one hears only too often revelations that ought never to have been repeated outside the curtains of the death-bed, and never to have been told twice into any human ears. But I am bound to say that of all men who, in the course of my life experience, I have found to be most blameworthy for telling tales and for disclosing secrets, the general practitioners in the rural districts have been the worst.

If I might venture to throw out a suggestion to the Medical Congress, I would invite them next year to

discuss the subject of professional reticence as a question of medical ethics. To my mind it is dreadful and unbearable when a practitioner is called in, and demands as a *sine qua non* that nothing should be concealed from him, that such a man should go next door and tell all he knows about the patient he has left. There are some patients who would rather die by inches than have their ailments made the subjects of common gossip. There are some forms of disease which are actually attended by an almost fierce desire for concealment. There are others which from beginning to end are associated with recollections that are steeped through and through with self-reproach and agonies of shame and remorse. There are others, again, which are the results of habits on the part of the patient such as if whispered in the market-place would beggar him. It has often amazed me to hear the cool way in which my acquaintances have discussed the state of health of sensitive girls and women, without a thought of their being guilty of indelicacy in making our sisters and wives and daughters the "talk of the town."

As yet the legal profession is the only one which takes cognisance of offences against professional ethics. I believe a man is fined at circuit for certain breaches of the unwritten law, and can be disbarred for a line of conduct as an advocate which the Statute Book knows nothing of. If in the medical profession there were sufficient solidarity to allow of cognisance being taken of offences against honourable silence by punishment—the severe punishment—of those who trade upon their knowledge of things that were never meant to be discussed in clubs and drawing-rooms, the doctors would lose nothing, and we, who call them in and are compelled to trust them with our secrets, would be all the happier with the assurance that we had little to fear at their hands.

On the railway between Ostend and Brussels, on Aug. 14, a passenger train came into collision with a goods train: two guards and an engine-driver were killed, but none of the passengers were badly hurt.

None of the Parliaments of foreign European States are now sitting, and there is very little political news from the Continent. The Bulgarian and Armenian questions, and the gathering of German, Spanish, and British naval squadrons on the coast of Morocco, are discussed by the journals of Paris and Vienna. The Sultan of Morocco has paid money to Germany in compensation for the murder of a German by the coast tribes.

The improvement of the Delta of the Danube seems to be making progress. The European Commission has made a cutting which suppresses three bends of the river and shortens the course of navigation by four miles and a half, with a depth of 20 ft. Other cuttings have been commenced, and the dredgings at the harbour bar of Sulina give a depth of 21½ ft., which it is hoped will be increased to 24 ft. A large extent of waste marsh-land between the St. George and Sulina branches is to be reclaimed; an Anglo-Dutch syndicate has begun operations with a thousand acres at Mahmoudieh, now cleared, ploughed, and sown with colza and other crops.

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"And such is human life, so gliding on;
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!"

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DR. A. B. GRIFFITHS, F.R.S. (Edin.), F.C.S., Member of the Chemical Societies of Paris and St. Petersburg, Lecturer on Chemistry, Central School of Chemistry and Pharmacy, &c., Author of "A Manual of Bacteriology," &c., &c., writes (unsolicited):—

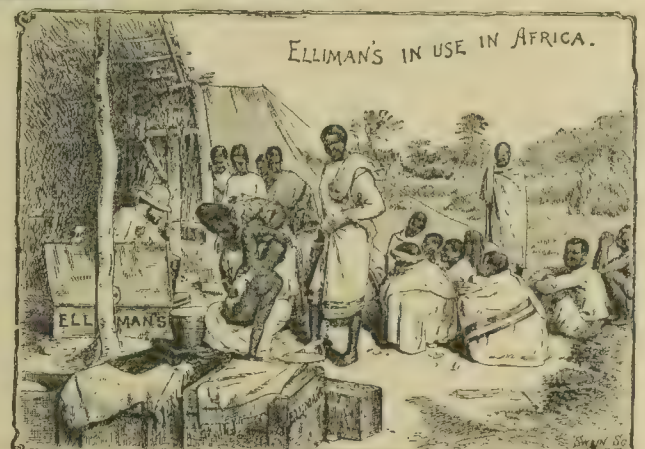
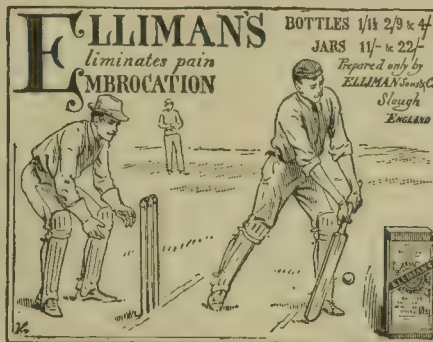
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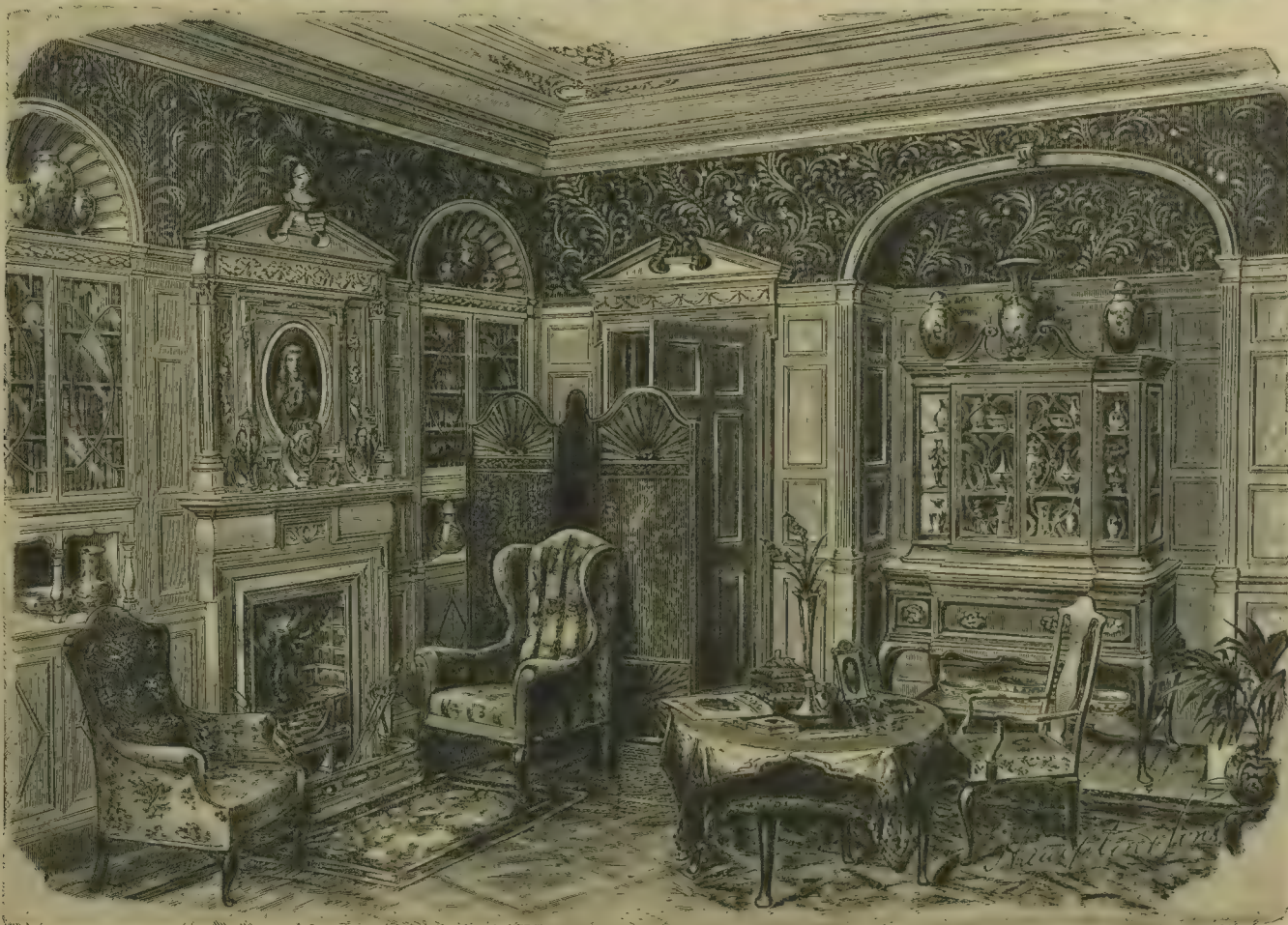
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THE CHINESE ARMY: ARCHERS.

The old organisation of the Chinese army is a very curious one, but it is founded upon very primitive ideas. The "Eight Banners" is the title which is given to it, because it is divided into eight corps, each bearing a distinctive flag. The banners are of different colours—yellow, red, blue, and white; the other four have the same colours, but with a border and a spot of another tint. This is the usual account of these flags, but it is not quite correct. Yellow is the imperial colour, and would be that of the Emperor, and would mark the centre of the army, where he is supposed to be. There is another colour, green, which completes the four, and also the eight, for the last is only the doubling of the four. The green banner belongs to a division that is Chinese; and as the soldiers composing it are not Manchus, this corps is deprived of the honour of defending Peking and the Emperor, as it is understood that the Tartar city of Peking contains only the Manchu population that forms the eight banners, and these soldiers surround and guard the palace and the Son of Heaven. The origin of this division into eight goes back to very early times—the number having been originally only four—and was derived from the four cardinal points. The Li-Ki, one of the old sacred books of China, describes the form of government: that four princes or governors were appointed, one to each of the quarters; and each had a body of troops to support his authority; or it might be called the power of the Emperor which they represented. A discovery, which only dates from a few years back, shows it was a common idea in ancient times to associate certain colours with the four quarters, and it turns out that the colours of the Eight Banners correspond with those the Chinese had adopted—the four additional flags being only a repetition of the other four. We see from this that the first intention was that of an organisation which was in a sense "territorial," and it has continued down to the present day. As the Chinese must now in the near future accept a very complete reform in their army, it will be interesting to see if this old and primitive arrangement is still adhered to. The principal weapon of the Chinese was in the past the bow-and-arrow. Old pictures show that their horsemen were armed with these weapons; and although muskets have been in use among them for many years back, soldiers on horse and foot might yet—or at least till very lately—be seen practising with the bow-and-

arrow in Peking. This stubborn adherence to what is old and obsolete may perhaps help to explain the fate which befell the Chinese army in the late war.

London has now plenty of public music, for the London County Council bands may be heard in many districts. They are greatly appreciated, and provide a much better



ARCHERS OF THE CHINESE ARMY.

class of music than that of the foreign bands which hitherto were the only competitors for favour in the streets.

Mr. John Burns is reported to have said that he would box, or row, or run, or jump any member of the Sporting League. The secretary of that corporation has asked Mr. Burns to go out with a veteran who was wounded at Tel-el-Kebir, and who, it seems, is quite ready to meet the member for Battersea on any terms. This shows the disadvantage of platform undertakings. As Mr. Burns could not have wished to be taken seriously, the laugh is distinctly on the side of the Sporting League. Everybody knows, however, that the member for Battersea can be as good as his word, and his prowess as a boxer is already historic.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 18, 1894) of Mr. George Henry Strutt, D.L., J.P., of Bridgehill, Belper, Derbyshire, who died on April 14, was proved on Aug. 8 by George Herbert Strutt, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1,624,483. The testator gives his two pictures, "A Dream of Fair Women" and "Buondelmonte," both by Corbould, Field Head House and premises adjoining, and £16,000 to his daughter, Mrs. Lucy Frances Irwin; £144,000, upon trust, for his said daughter, for life, and then for her children and issue as she shall by deed or will appoint, with power to appoint as from her death any part of the income to her husband; all his gold and silver plate and pictures not specifically bequeathed to his wife, Mrs. Agnes Ann Strutt, for life; his mansion house, with the stables, cottages, pleasure-grounds, etc., for the personal use and enjoyment of his wife, for life; the advowson of Bridgehill, £3000, and all his furniture, books, sculpture, "Christ at Emmaus," by Cope, R.A., a volume of sketches by Turner, a volume of sketches by Corbould, one hundred dozen of wines, spirits, and liquors, household effects, horses, and carriages, to his wife; £7000 per annum to his wife for life; £20,000 to his grandson, George Ashton Strutt, if he shall attain twenty-one; £15,000 each to his other grandsons, and £10,000 each to his granddaughters on their respectively attaining twenty-one; and £500 each to his trustees, John Borough and John Hunter. All the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Mr. G. H. Strutt.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1893) of Mr. Solomon Longworth, J.P., of Clerk Hill, Whalley, Lancashire, who died on March 2, was proved at the Lancaster District Registry on July 5 by Thomas Longworth, the Rev. Richard Longworth, and Arthur Longworth, the sons, and John Ricketts Reddish, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £189,049. The testator gives £500 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Longworth, and his residence, with the furniture and effects, horses and carriages, and £1000 per annum to her for life. He directs such sum as will produce £800 per annum to be set aside and held upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to his daughter-in-law, the widow of his late son, Alfred, and subject thereto as to seven-twelfths for his grandson Alfred, the son of his late son Alfred, for life, and then for her children, and as to five-twelfths for his granddaughter, Gertrude Mary, the daughter of his late son Alfred, for life, and then for her children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons, Thomas, Richard, and Arthur, and his daughters, Mrs. Dinah Anne Green, and Mrs. Amy Birch, equally. The testator provides for his sons, Thomas and Arthur, taking as part of their shares his mills, with the machinery, etc., and for their purchasing some cottages and lands at Billington.

The will (dated July 4, 1890), with three codicils (dated June 3, 1892; Sept. 16, 1893; and June 12, 1894), of the Rev. Henry Robinson Heywood, Vicar of Swinton, near Manchester, honorary canon of Manchester, and rural dean of Eccles, who died on March 12, has been proved at

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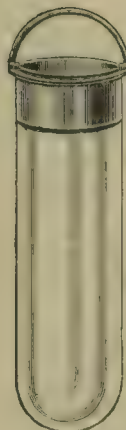
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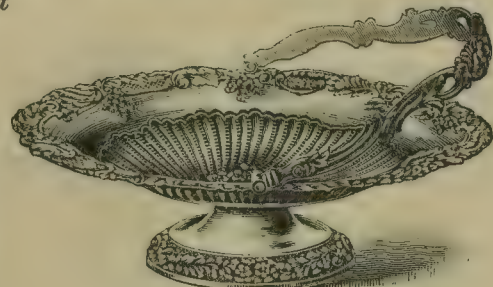
Prince's Plate Salvers, richly Hand-Engraved.
8 in. £2 5s. 12 in. £3 10s.
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Sterling Silver.
8 in. £5 10s. 12 in. £11 15s.
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Chased Sterling Silver Antique Champagne-Jug, £17 17s.



Very Handsomely Cut Champagne-Jug, with removable Ice-Well, mounted in Prince's Plate.



Cake-Basket, richly chased in style of Louis XV.
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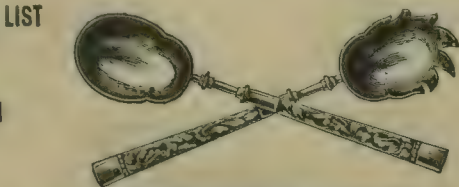
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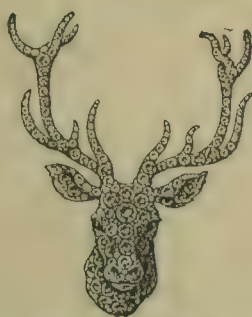
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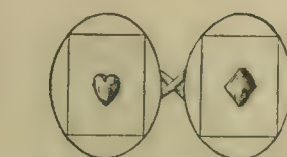
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DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES SUBMITTED.

the Manchester District Registry by Charles John Heywood, the brother, Henry Arthur Heywood, the son, and Arthur Sumner Gibson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £163,365. The testator gives £15,500, a leasehold plot of land with the buildings therein in Claremont Road, Irlam o' th' Height, Lancashire, and all his wines, consumable stores, horses, and carriages, to his wife Mrs. Ella Sophia Heywood; all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects, to his wife for life or widowhood, and then as to the plate presented to him by the parishioners of Swinton, to his son Charles Christopher, and as to the remainder of his plate to his son Henry Arthur; £16,000 to his son Henry Arthur; £7000 to his son Charles Christopher in addition to £6000 settled for his benefit; £13,000 each to his other sons; £14,000 each to his daughters; and £500 each to his executors, Mr. C. J. Heywood and Mr. A. S. Gibson. He appoints £5500 out of the trust funds under his marriage settlement to his daughter Dorothy Katherine Alice, and the remainder of the trust funds between his other children. His residence, Moorfield, and all his real and leasehold property, he leaves to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son Henry Arthur. The residue of his personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death for his children.

The will (dated April 3, 1894) with two codicils (dated Oct. 26, 1894, and April 25, 1895), of Mr. William Fothergill Robinson, Q.C., Vice-Chancellor of the County Palatine of Lancaster, of 7, Porchester Gate, Bayswater, who died on July 8 at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, was proved on Aug. 9 by Walter Coleridge Richmond, Arthur Jex Davey, and Augustus Frederick Warr, the

executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £68,454. The testator bequeaths £1500 and all his furniture, plate, jewellery, pictures, books (except law books), and effects (except a few articles specifically bequeathed) to his wife, Mrs. Julia Robinson; and legacies to executors, children, sisters and brothers-in-law, and clerk. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life, she maintaining and educating sons until they are able to provide for themselves, and daughters until marriage; and at her death as to three fourteenth parts each for his sons, and as to two fourteenth parts each for his daughters.

The Irish probate of the will (dated July 14, 1890), with a codicil (dated Sept. 6, 1892), of Mr. Edward Pennefather, Q.C., J.P., D.L., of 6, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin, who died on Feb. 22, granted at Dublin to Samuel Gordon and Charles Edward Pennefather, the son, the executors, was sealed in London on Aug. 7, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £52,522. The testator makes various specific gifts to his sons; and he appoints and bequeaths sums amounting altogether to £17,000 to his son Frederick William. There are also legacies to relatives and executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son Charles Edward.

The will (dated May 30, 1891) of Mrs. Mary Wilson, of 20, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, who died on June 28, was proved on July 31 by Walter Charles Renshaw and Frederick Peterson Ward, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £29,327. There are many pecuniary and specific legacies to relatives, godchildren, executors, servants, and others; and the residue of her real

and personal estate the testatrix leaves, upon trust, for her nieces, Alice McLaren, Julia Blaker, and Teresa Dowse in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1894) of Mrs. Elizabeth Horton, of Ystrad, Carmarthenshire, and 57, Inverness Terrace, Bayswater, who died on May 30, was proved on July 26 by Isaac Horton, George Horton, and Daniel Horton, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £21,539. The testatrix makes specific bequests of jewellery to granddaughters, and bequeaths all her furniture and effects, horses and carriages to be divided between her four sons, Isaac, George, Thomas, and Daniel, and her daughter Fanny Crucefix. All her Two and Three Quarter per Cent. Consols and one moiety of the residue of her estate she leaves to her granddaughters Fanny Elizabeth Rowlands and Gladys Mary Rowlands; and the other moiety of her residuary estate she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter Fanny Crucefix for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated April 27, 1894), of the Very Rev. Robert Payne-Smith, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, who died on March 31 at the Deanery, Canterbury, was proved at the Canterbury District Registry on July 18 by the Rev. Robert Payne-Smith and the Rev. William Henry Payne-Smith, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,391. The testator gives his copyhold property at Hendon and all his share in the Corporation of the South-Eastern College at Raingate, and in the Lower School of the said College, to his son Robert; all his books, furniture, plate, pictures, and household effects to be sold, and the proceeds divided between his children; £300 to his unmarried daughters; and he

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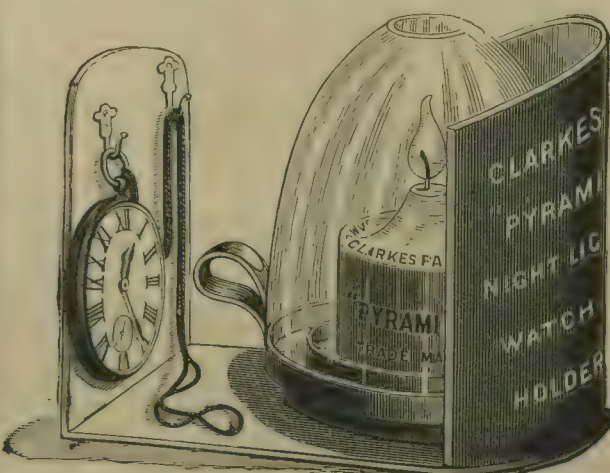
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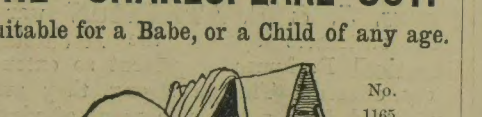
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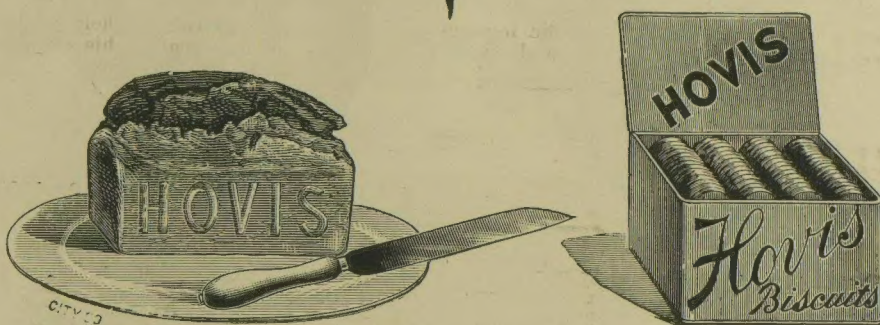
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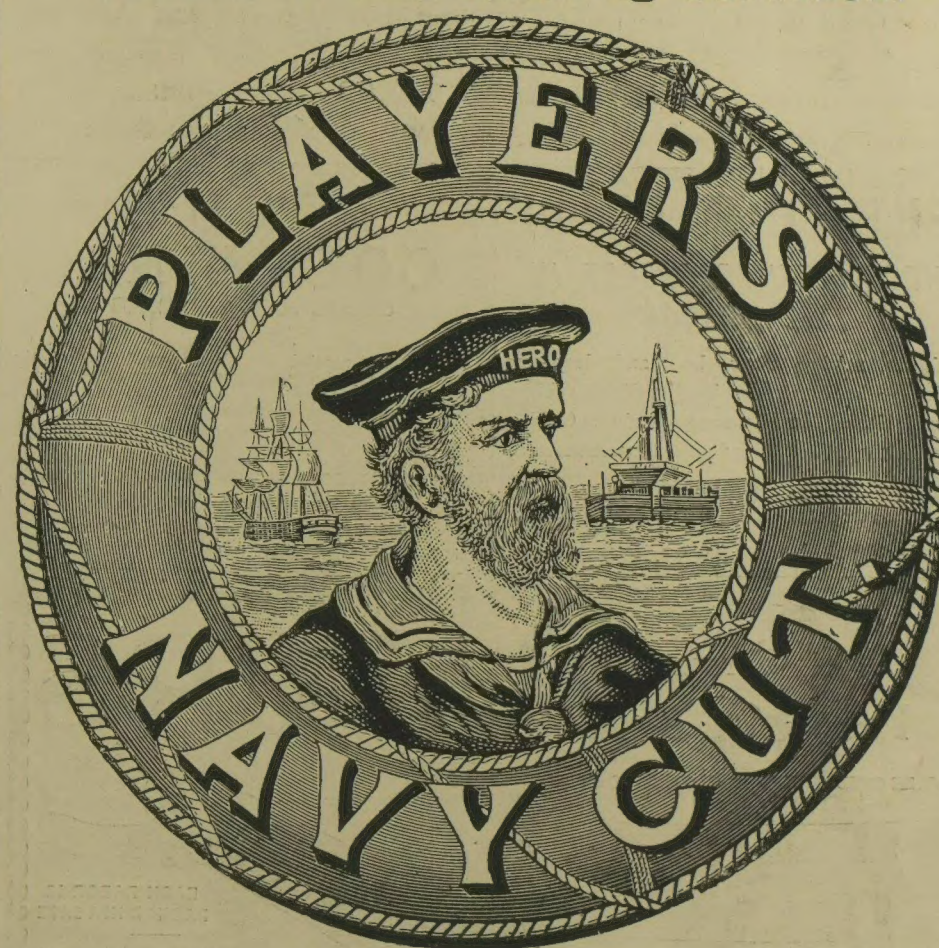
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1403 Entries. Trotting, Driving, and Jumping Competitions. Programmes and Tickets to be had on application.

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Gold, £17. Silver, £6.

appoints £6000, the trust funds under his marriage settlement, to his six children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons, Robert and William Henry, and his daughters, Jessie, Mary, Esther, and Elizabeth in equal shares, the shares of his daughters to be held upon trust for them.

The will of Frances, Vicomtesse de Peyronnet, of 129, Marine Parade, Brighton, who died on July 8, has been proved at the Lewes District Registry by Miss Marie Madeleine Claire de Peyronnet, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5892.

The will and two codicils of Mrs. Henrietta Blake, of The Hall, Welwyn, Herts, who died on June 26, were proved on July 25 by Edward Wingfield, C.B., and Arthur Maurice Blake, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5163.

The will of Colonel Lewis Conway-Gordon, R.E., C.I.E., of Longley House, Rochester, who died on June 25, was proved on July 31 by Mary Grace Conway-Gordon, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3456.

In Kiel harbour, on Aug. 14, a disastrous accident cost the lives of a dozen or more German workmen. They were crossing a gangway to a barge, when it broke down under them, and all fell into deep water; nearly half of them were drowned.

With remarkable promptitude the *Pull Mall Gazette* office has published an excellent and comprehensive "Guide to the New House of Commons." Besides geographical analysis of the polling we have five hundred portraits of members—many of them exceedingly good—and capitally written biographies. The latter contain

several new stories told in a spirit of amiable criticism. For one shilling no handbook dealing with the House of Commons so good as this can be purchased. The type is clear, the sketches are clever, and the compilation is careful.

Fatal boating accidents have been reported at this season in many places of England and Scotland. On Aug. 15, at Perth, a boat with five lads in it was upset by the current of the river Tay running strong in flood, and four of them perished.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P., has definitely declined the offer of the Solicitor-Generalship, which, at the time of writing, was still nominally held by Sir Frank Lockwood pending an appointment by Lord Salisbury. Sir Edward Clarke's practice at the Bar is so great that, doubtless, he will not be sorry to be free to devote most of his attention to it.

LLOYD'S IN TUBES, 1s. 6d. and 3s. each.

THE ORIGINAL **EUXESIS**
FOR EASY SHAVING,
Without the use of Soap, Water, or Brush.
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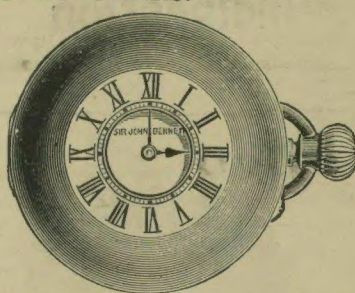
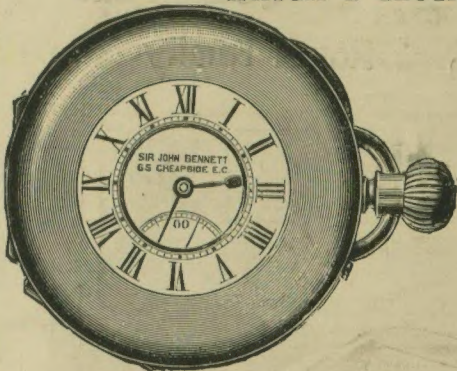
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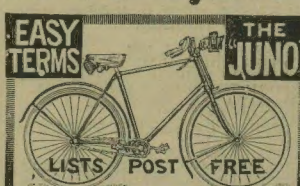


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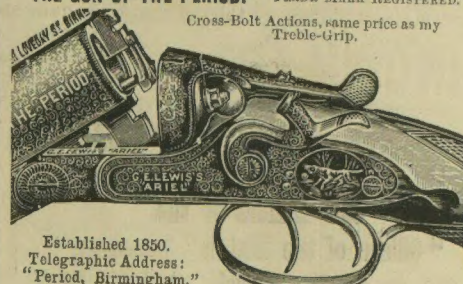
will never fade from my memory; and
a friend of mine who passed through
the same district many months after-
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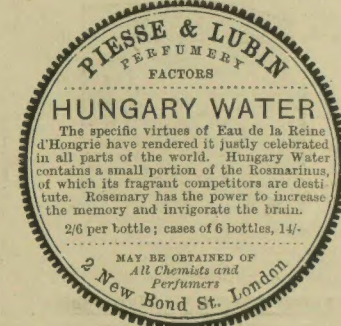
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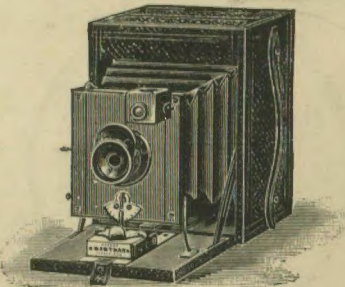
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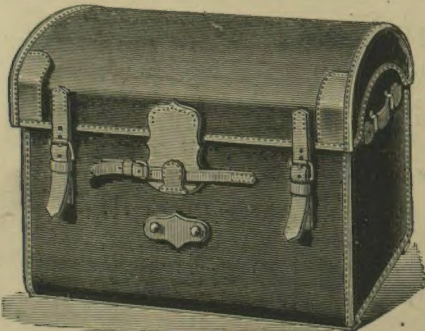
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It is not claimed
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For preserving the beauty and youthful freshness
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Delicately scented and emollient, keeps the
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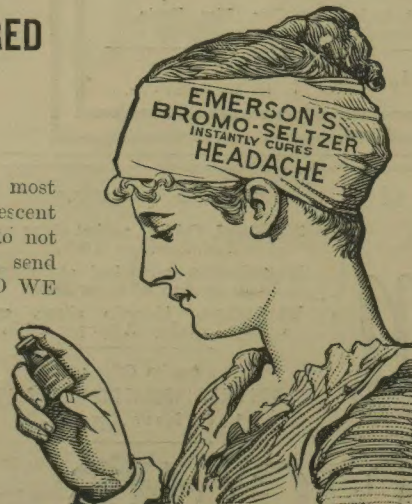
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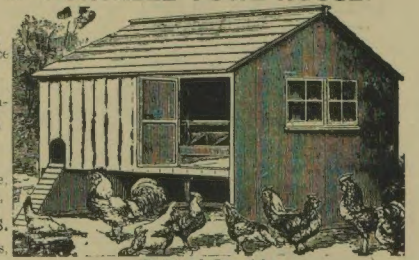
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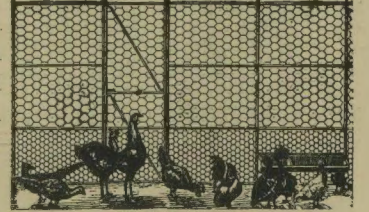
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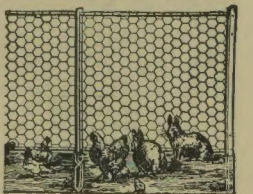
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